

THE LIVING AGE.

No. 1075.—7 January, 1865.

On this first number of the new volume, we cordially thank all our Subscribers for their steadfast adherence through the War prices,—and wish them *A Happy New Year*.

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THE DESTROYING OF PRISONERS.

THE NARRATIVE OF PRIVATIONS AND SUFFERINGS OF UNITED STATES OFFICERS AND SOLDIERS, WHILE PRISONERS OF WAR IN THE HANDS OF THE REBEL AUTHORITIES, is published at this office in a pamphlet of 96 pp., price 20 cents each, \$15 a hundred, \$125 a thousand.

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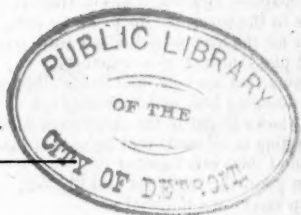
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PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY

L. TELL, SON, & CO.,

30 BROMFIELD STREET, BOSTON.

BARBARISM.

Written after reading the Report of the Commission of Inquiry appointed by the United States Sanitary Commission, 1864.

Oh, sickening record ! most pathetic page
That fills the blood-stained volume of our years !
E'en Love itself is fired with holy rage
By scenes that bathe a nation's heart in tears.

Reading, what woful visions fill my eyes
Of loathsome prisons crammed with starving men,

And baleful swamps, where, 'neath the open skies,
The brave, like beasts, are herded in their pen !

I see their crouching forms, their vacant stare,
The hopeless look of eyes that cannot weep
The wan, pinched faces that were once so fair,
Of heroes gnawing their foul rags in sleep.

I see their bony fingers spread in vain
For one sweet morsel,—spread in vain to take
The dear home letter,—or to still retain
The trinket sacred for love's tender sake.

I hear the keeper's oath, the idiot wail,
Breathing the key-note of a voiceless woe,
The brutal scoffs that broken hearts assail,
The murderous shot that lays the captive low.

There, coiled in ditches through the wintry night,
To shield each other from the cold they strive,
Or pacing fetid chambers, pray for light,
Or prone on blistering sands creep just alive.

These are thy fruits, O thou barbaric curse !
This Slavery is the crown that decks thy brow ;
This is the *Christian* spirit thou dost nurse—
These the *kind* deeds thy charities allow !

Oh, dark the hour that saw thy shameful birth,
And dark and blighting all thy guilty reign !
Rouse, freemen ! smite the monster from the earth,
And on the nation God shall smile again.

A CHILD'S GARDEN.

SEEK in the hill, and seek in the vale
For foxglove and broom and heather ;
Seek in the woods for the primrose pale,
Seek for the hyacinths dim and frail,
And plant them all close together.
Flowers that are bold, and flowers that are shy ;
The drooping bell, and the starry eye
That looks bright in the cloudiest weather
And fling in all seeds that twine and that trail,
To bind them safe together ;
Then plant the sunflower and lily tall,
Fulip and crown-imperial ;
With a blossomed rose for the heart of June
Set in the midst of all and say
A charm to make them come up soon
As the mustard and cress that were sown last May,
And be all in bloom together !
Emblem of youth's warm heart, thick sown
With blooms that need fear no weather ;
With winged dreams, and hopes half-blown,
With flowers that love to bloom alone,
And flowers that bloom together !

DOXA GREENWELL.

ARCTIC NIGHT.

Lo ! blindly wafted on the broad cold breeze,
Our bark forlorn scuds towards the Arctic night :
Northward a crease of leaden-colored light—
Around, above, a waste of desolate seas,
A wilderness of starry blue and snow :
Capes, looming in the moon-fog as we go,
Like phantoms rise and vanish. Now beneath
Some icy precipice whose beach is death,
The storm bird's scream is mingled with the
frore,
Fierce grinding of the ice-floe on some shore
Precipitous and gaunt. At length the deep
Lightens along the waves, rolled heap on heap ;
And the pale dawn lightens, through cloud-bank
riven,
Stupendous peaks around the wild dark heaven.
—*Dublin University Magazine.*

FREE.

One woman, coming in her spelling lesson to the
letters f-r-e-e, hesitated over the word, when, upon
saying to her, " Why ! what are you now that you
were not two years ago ? " she sprung from her seat,
clapped her hands, and shouted out " Free ! "

SLAVE no more—our chains are broken,
We are free ! oh, we are free !
Yes the happy words are spoken,
Granting rest and liberty.
Earthly masters no more fearing,
Servants of our God we'll be,
Watching ever his appearing—
We are free ! oh, we are free ;
The great head of all the nation
Makes us *Free* ! oh, we are free !
By his joyful proclamation,
Ends the curse of slavery.
Now to read God's holy teaching
Soldiers 'neath our flag to be,
Self-supporting, self-respecting,
We are free ! oh, we are free !
'Neath the stars and stripes delighting
To risk life for Liberty.
Some we love in bondage languish ;
Shall they ever bow the knee,
In the sweat of toil and anguish
When we are free ? oh, we are free !
Food and shelter rightly earning,
We are free ! oh, we are free !
We can labor, ever spurning
To subsist on charity.
Safe from slavery's grinding power,
Freemen shall our children be ;
They shall rise from this glad hour ;
We are free ! oh, we are free !
Slaves no more to man or devil,
Freemen of the Lord are we.
We from every form of evil
Shall be by the truth made free,
Earthly masters no more fearing,
Servants of our God we'll be—
We are free ! oh, we are free !

*By a Teacher in the Freedman's School at
Fort Totten, Newbern, North Carolina, Feb.,
1864.*

From The National Review—New Series, No. 1.
WORDSWORTH, TENNYSON, AND BROWNING;
OR, PURE, ORNATE, AND GROTESQUE ART IN ENGLISH POETRY.

1. *Enoch Arden, etc.* By Alfred Tennyson, D. C. L., Poet Laureate.
2. *Dramatis Personæ.* By Robert Browning.

WE couple these two books together, not because of their likeness, for they are as dissimilar as books can be, nor on account of the eminence of their authors, for in general two great authors are too much for one essay, but because they are the best possible illustration of something we have to say upon poetical art,—because they may give to it life and freshness. The accident of contemporaneous publication has here brought together two books very characteristic of modern art, and we want to show how they are characteristic.

Neither English poetry nor English criticism have ever recovered the *eruption* which they both made at the beginning of this century into the fashionable world. The poems of Lord Byron were received with an avidity that resembles our present avidity for sensation novels, and were read by a class which at present reads little but such novels. Old men who remember those days may be heard to say, "We hear nothing of poetry nowadays; it seems quite down." And "down" it certainly is, if for poetry it be a descent to be no longer the favorite excitement of the more frivolous part of the "upper" world. That stimulating poetry is now little read. A stray schoolboy may still be detected in a wild admiration for the "Giaour" or the "Corsair" (and it is suitable to his age, and he should not be reproached for it), but the *real* posterity—the quiet students of a past literature—never read them or think of them. A line or two linger on the memory; a few telling strokes of occasional and felicitous energy are quoted, but this is all. As wholes, these exaggerated stories were worthless; they taught nothing, and, therefore, they are forgotten. If nowadays a dismal poet were, like Byron, to lament the fact of his birth, and to hint that he was too good for the world, the *Saturday Review* would say that "they doubted if he was too good; that a sulky poet was a questionable addition to a tolerable world; that he need not have been born, as far as they were concerned." Doubtless, there is much in Byron besides his

dismal exaggeration, but it was that exaggeration which made "the sensation," which gave him a wild moment of dangerous fame. As so often happens, the cause of his momentary fashion is the cause also of his lasting oblivion. Moore's former reputation was less excessive, yet it has not been more permanent. The prettiness of a few songs preserves the memory of his name, but as a poet to *read* he is forgotten. There is nothing to read in him; no exquisite thought, no sublime feeling, no consummate description of true character. Almost the sole result of the poetry of that time is the harm which it has done. It degraded for a time the whole character of the art. It said by practice, by a most efficient and successful practice, that it was the aim, the *duty* of poets, to catch the attention of the passing, the fashionable, the busy world. If a poem "fell dead," it was nothing; it was composed to please the "London" of the year, and if that London did not like it, why, it had failed. It fixed upon the minds of a whole generation, it engraved in popular memory and tradition, a vague conviction that poetry is but one of the many *amusements* for the light classes, for the lighter hours of all classes. The mere notion, the bare idea, that poetry is a deep thing, a teaching thing, the most surely and wisely elevating of human things, is even now to the coarse public mind nearly unknown.

As was the fate of poetry, so inevitably was that of criticism. The science that expounds which poetry is good and which is bad is dependent for its popular reputation on the popular estimate of poetry itself. The critics of that day had a day, which is more than can be said for some since; they professed to tell the fashionable world in what books it would find new pleasure, and therefore they were read by the fashionable world. Byron counted the critic and poet equal. The *Edinburgh Review* penetrated among the young, and into places of female resort where it does not go now. As people ask, "Have you read 'Henry Dunbar'?" and what do you think of it?" so they then asked, "Have you read the 'Giaour'?" and what do you think of it?" Lord Jeffrey, a shrewd judge of the world, employed himself in telling it what to think; not so much what it ought to think as what at bottom it did think, and so by dexterous sympathy with current so-

ciety he gained contemporary fame and power. Such fame no critic must hope for now. His articles will not penetrate where the poems themselves do not penetrate. When poetry was noisy, criticism was loud; now poetry is a still small voice, and criticism must be smaller and stiller. As the function of such criticism was limited, so was its subject. For the great and (as time now proves) the *permanent* part of the poetry of his time,—for Shelley and for Wordsworth,—Lord Jeffrey had but one word. He said “It won’t do.” And it will not do to amuse a drawing-room.

The doctrine that poetry is a light amusement for idle hours, a metrical species of sensational novel, has not indeed been without gainsayers wildly popular. Thirty years ago, Mr. Carlyle most rudely contradicted it. But perhaps this is about all that he has done. He has denied, but he has not disproved. He has contradicted the floating paganism, but he has not founded the deep religion. All about and around us a *faith* in poetry struggles to be extricated, but it is not extricated. Some day, at the touch of the true word, the whole confusion will by magic cease; the broken and shapeless notions cohere and crystallize into a bright and true theory. But this cannot be yet.

But though no complete theory of the poetic art as yet be possible for us, though perhaps only our children’s children will be able to speak on this subject with the assured confidence which belongs to accepted truth, yet something of some certainty may be stated in the easier elements, and something that will throw light on these two new books. But it will be necessary to assign reasons, and the assigning of reasons is a dry task. Years ago, when criticism only tried to show how poetry could be made a good amusement, it was not impossible that criticism itself should be amusing. But now it must at least be serious, for we believe that poetry is a serious and a deep thing.

There should be a word in the language of literary art to express what the word “*picturesque*” expresses for the fine arts. *Picturesque* means fit to be put into a picture; we want a word *literatesque*, “fit to be put into a book.” An artist goes through a

hundred different country scenes, rich with beauties, charms, and merits, but he does not paint any of them. He leaves them alone; he idles on till he finds the hundred-and-first,—a scene which many observers would not think much of, but which *he* knows by virtue of his art will look well on canvas, and this he paints and preserves. Susceptible observers, though not artists, feel this quality too; they say of a scene, “How picturesque!” meaning by this a quality distinct from that of beauty or sublimity or grandeur,—meaning to speak not only of the scene as it is in itself, but also of its fitness for imitation by art,—meaning not only that it is good, but that its goodness is such as ought to be transferred to paper,—meaning not simply that it fascinates, but also that its fascination is such as ought to be copied by man. A fine and insensible instinct has put language to this subtle use; it expresses an idea without which fine art criticism could not go on, and it is very natural that the language of pictorial should be better supplied with words than that of literary criticism; for the eye was used before the mind, and language embodies primitive, sensuous ideas, long ere it expresses, or need express, abstract and literary ones.

The reason why a landscape is “*picturesque*” is often said to be that such landscape represents an “*idea*.” But this explanation, though in the minds of some who use it it is near akin to the truth, fails to explain that truth to those who did not know it before; the word “*idea*,” is so often used in these subjects when people do not know anything else to say; it represents so often a kind of intellectual insolvency, when philosophers are at their wits’ end, that shrewd people will never readily on any occasion give it credit for meaning anything. A wise explainer must, therefore, look out for other words to convey what he has to say. *Landscapes*, like everything else in nature, divide themselves, as we look at them, into a sort of rude classification. We go down a river, for example, and we see a hundred landscapes on both sides of it, resembling one another in much, yet differing in something; with trees here, and a farmhouse there, and shadows on one side, and a deep pool far on; a collection of circumstances most familiar in themselves, but making a perpetual novelty by the magic of their various combinations. We travel so

* The first words in Lord Jeffrey’s celebrated review of the “*Excursion*” were, “This will never do.”

for miles and hours, and then we come to a scene which also has these various circumstances and adjuncts, but which combines them best, which makes the best whole of them, which shows them in their best proportion at a single glance before the eye. Then we say, "This is the place to paint the river; this is the picturesque point!" Or, if not artists or critics of art, we feel without analysis or examination that somehow this bend or sweep of the river shall, in future, *be the river to us*: that it is the image of it which we will retain in our mind's eye, by which we will remember it, which we will call up when we want to describe or think of it. Some fine countries, some beautiful rivers, have not this picturesque quality: they give us elements of beauty, but they do not combine them together; we go on for a time delighted, but *after* a time, somehow we get wearied; we feel that we are taking in nothing and learning nothing; we get no collected image before our mind; we see the accidents and circumstances of that sort of scenery, but the summary scene we do not see; we have *disjecta membra*, but no form; various and many and faulty approximations are displayed in succession; but the absolute perfection in that country or river's scenery—its *type*—is withheld. We go away from such places in part delighted, but in part baffled; we have been puzzled by pretty things; we have beheld a hundred different inconsistent specimens of the same sort of beauty; but the rememberable idea, the full development, the characteristic individuality of it, we have not seen.

We find the same sort of quality in all parts of painting. We see a portrait of a person we know, and we say, "It is like—yes, like, of course, but it is not *the man*;" we feel it could not be any one else; but still, somehow it fails to bring home to us the individual as we know him to be. *He* is not there. An accumulation of features like his are painted, but his essence is not painted; an approximation more or less excellent is given, but the characteristic expression, the *typical* form, of the man is withheld.

Literature—the painting of words—has the same quality, but wants the analogous word. The word *literatesque* would mean, if we possessed it, that perfect combination in the *subject-matter* of literature which suits the *art* of literature. We often meet

people, and say of them, sometimes meaning well and sometimes ill, "How well so-and-so would do in a book!" Such people are by no means the best people; but they are the most effective people—the most rememberable people. Frequently when we first know them, we like them because they explain to us so much of our experience; we have known many people "like that," in one way or another, but we did not seem to understand them; they were nothing to us, for their traits were indistinct; we forgot them, for they *hitched* on to nothing, and we could not classify them; but when we see the *type* of the genus, at once we seem to comprehend its character; the inferior specimens are explained by the perfect embodiment; the approximations are definable when we know the ideal to which they draw near. There are an infinite number of classes of human beings, but in each of these classes there is a distinctive type which, if we could expand it out in words, would define the class. We cannot expand it in formal terms any more than a landscape or a species of landscapes; but we have an art, an art of words, which can draw it. Travellers and others often bring home, in addition to their long journals,—which, though so living to them, are so dead, so inanimate, so undescriptive, to all else,—a pen-and-ink sketch, rudely done very likely, but which, perhaps, even the more for the blots and strokes, gives a distinct notion, an emphatic image, to all who see it. They say at once, *now* we know the sort of thing. The sketch has *hit* the mind. True literature does the same. It describes sorts, varieties, and permutations, by delineating the type of each sort, the ideal of each variety, the central, the marking trait, of each permutation.

On this account, the greatest artists of the world have ever shown an enthusiasm for reality. To care for notions and abstractions, to philosophize, to reason out conclusions, to care for schemes of thought, are signs in the artistic mind of secondary excellence. A Schiller, an Euripides, a Ben Jonson, cares for *ideas*—for the parings of the intellect, and the distillation of the mind; a Shakespeare, a Homer, a Goethe, finds his mental occupation, the true home of his natural thoughts, in the real world—"which is the world of all of us"—where the face of nature, the moving masses of men and wo-

men, are ever changing, ever multiplying, ever mixing one with the other. The reason is plain,—the business of the poet, of the artist, is with *types*; and those types are mirrored in reality. As a painter must not only have a hand to execute, but an eye to distinguish,—as he must go here and then there through the real world to catch the picturesque man, the picturesque scene, which are to live on his canvas,—so the poet must find in that reality, the *literatesque* man, the *literatesque* scene, which nature intends for him, and which will live in his page. Even in reality he will not find this type complete, or the characteristics perfect; but there, at least, he will find at least *something*, some hint, some intimation, some suggestion; whereas, in the stagnant home of his own thoughts he will find nothing pure, nothing *as it is*, nothing which does not bear his own mark, which is not somehow altered by a mixture with himself.

The first conversation of Goethe and Schiller illustrates this conception of the poet's art. Goethe was at that time prejudiced against Schiller, we must remember, partly from the fact he considered the *outrages* of the "Robbers," partly because of the philosophy of Kant. Schiller's "Essay on 'Grace and Dignity,'" he tells us, "was yet less of a kind to reconcile me. The philosophy of Kant, which exalts the dignity of mind so highly, while appearing to restrict it, Schiller had joyfully embraced: it unfolded the extraordinary qualities which Nature had implanted in him; and in the lively feeling of freedom and self-direction, he showed himself unthankful to the Great Mother, who surely had not acted like a step-dame toward him. Instead of viewing her as self-subsisting, as producing with a living force, and according to appointed laws, alike the highest and the lowest of her works, he took her up under the aspect of some empirical native qualities of the human mind. Certain harsh passages I could even directly apply to myself: they exhibited my confession of faith in a false light; and I felt that if written without particular attention to me, they were still worse; for in that case, the vast chasm which lay between us gaped but so much the more distinctly." After a casual meeting at a Society for Natural History they walked home, and Goethe proceeds.

"We reached his house; the talk induced

me to go in. I then expounded to him, with as much vivacity as possible, the *Metamorphosis of Plants*,* drawing out on paper, with many characteristic strokes, a symbolic Plant for him, as I proceeded. He heard and saw all this, with much interest and distinct comprehension: but when I had done, he shook his head and said, 'This is no experiment; this is an idea.' I stopped with some degree of irritation; for the point which separated us was most luminously marked by this expression. The opinions in 'Dignity and Grace' again occurred to me; the old grudge was just awakening; but I smothered it, and merely said, 'I was happy to find that I had got ideas without knowing it,—nay, that I saw them before my eyes.'

"Schiller had much more prudence and dexterity of management than I; he was also thinking of his periodical, the 'Horen,' about this time, and of course rather wished to attract than repel me. Accordingly, he answered me like an accomplished Kantian: and as my stiff-necked Realism gave occasion to many contradictions, much battling took place between us, and at last a truce, in which neither party would consent to yield the victory, but each held himself invincible. Positions like the following grieved me to the very soul: *How can there ever be an experiment that shall correspond with an idea? The specific quality of an idea is, that no experiment can reach it or agree with it.* Yet if he held as an idea the same thing which I looked upon as an experiment, there must certainly, I thought, be some community between us, some ground whereon both of us might meet!"

With Goethe's natural history, or with Kant's philosophy, we have here no concern, but we can combine the expressions of the two great poets into a nearly complete description of poetry. The "symbolic plant" is the *type* of which we speak, the ideal at which inferior specimens aim, the class-characteristic in which they all share, but which none shows forth fully: Goethe was right in searching for this in reality and nature; Schiller was right in saying that it was an "idea," a transcending notion to

* A curious physiologico-botanical theory by Goethe, which appears to be entirely unknown in this country, though several eminent continental botanists have noticed it with commendation. It is explained at considerable length in this same "Morphologie."

which approximations could be found in experience, but only approximations — which could not be found there itself. Goethe, as a poet, rightly felt the primary necessity of outward suggestion and experience; Schiller, as a philosopher, rightly felt its imperfection.

But in these delicate matters, it is easy to misapprehend. There is, undoubtedly, a sort of poetry which is produced, as it were, out of the author's mind. The description of the poet's own moods and feelings is a common sort of poetry, perhaps the commonest sort. But the peculiarity of such cases is, that the poet does not describe himself as himself: autobiography is not his object; he takes himself as a specimen of human nature; he describes, not himself, but a distillation of himself: he takes such of his moods as are most characteristic, as most typify certain moods of certain men, or certain moods of all men; he chooses preponderant feelings of special sorts of men, or occasional feelings of men of all sorts; but with whatever other difference and diversity, the essence is that such self-describing poets describe what is *in* them, but not *peculiar* to them,—what is generic, not what is special and individual. Gray's "Elegy" describes a mood which Gray felt more than other men, but which most others, perhaps all others, feel too. It is more popular, perhaps, than any English poem, because that sort of feeling is the most diffused of high feelings, and because Gray added to a singular nicety of fancy an habitual proneness to a *contemplative*—a discerning, but unbiased—meditation on death and on life. Other poets cannot hope for such success: a subject, so popular, so grave, so wise, and yet so suitable to the writer's nature is hardly to be found. But the same ideal, the same unautobiographical character, is to be found in the writings of meaner men. Take sonnets of Hartley Coleridge, for example:—

" I.

" TO A FRIEND.

"When we were idlers with the loitering rills,
The need of human love we little noted:
Our love was nature; and the peace that floated
On the white mist, and dwelt upon the hills,
To sweet accord subdued our wayward wills:
One soul was ours, one mind, one heart devoted,
That, wisely doating, asked not why it doated,
And ours the unknown joy, which knowing kills.
But now I find how dear thou wert to me;

That man is more than half of nature's treasure,
Of that fair Beauty which no eye can see,
Of that sweet music which no ear can measure;
And now the streams may sing for others' pleasure,
The hills sleep on in their eternity."

" II.

" TO THE SAME.

"In the great city we are to meet again
Where many souls there are, that breathe and die,
Scarce knowing more of nature's potency,
Than what they learn from heat or cold or rain
The sad vicissitude of weary pain;—
For busy man is lord of ear and eye,
And what hath nature but the vast, void sky,
And the thronged river toiling to the main?
Oh! say not so, for she shall have her part
In every smile, in every tear that falls,
And she shall hide her in the secret heart,
Where love persuades, and sterner duty calls:
But worse it were than death, or sorrow's smart,
To live without a friend within these walls."

" III.

" TO THE SAME.

"We parted on the mountains, as two streams
From one clear spring pursue their several ways;
And thy fleet course hath been through many a maze
In foreign lands, where silvery Padus gleams
To that delicious sky, whose glowing beams
Brightened the tresses that old poets praise;
Where Petrarch's patient love and artful lays
And Ariosto's song of many themes
Moved the soft air. But I, a lazy brook,
As close pent up within my native dell,
Have crept along from nook to shady nook,
Where flowrets blow, and whispering Naiads dwell.

Yet now we meet, that parted were so wide,
O'er rough and smooth to travel side by side."

The contrast of instructive and enviable locomotion with refining but instructive meditation is not special and peculiar to these two, but general and universal. It was set down by Hartley Coleridge because he was the most meditative and refining of men.

What sort of literatesque types are fit to be described in the sort of literature called poetry, is a matter on which much might be written. Mr. Arnold, some years since, put forth a theory that the art of poetry could only delineate *great actions*. But though, rightly interpreted and understood,—using the word action so as to include high and sound activity in contemplation,—this definition may suit the highest poetry, it certainly cannot be stretched to include many inferior sorts and even many good sorts. Nobody in their senses would describe Gray's "Elegy" as the

delineation of a "great action;" some kinds of mental contemplation may be energetic enough to deserve this name, but Gray would have been frightened at the very word. He loved scholarlike calm and quiet inaction, his very greatness depended on his *not* acting, on his "wise passiveness," on his indulging the grave idleness which so well appreciates so much of human life. But the best answer—the *reductio ad absurdum*—of Mr. Arnold's doctrine is the mutilation which it has caused him to make of his own writings. It has forbidden him, he tells us, to reprint "Empedocles"—a poem undoubtedly containing defects and even excesses, but containing also these lines:—

"And yet what days were those, Parmenides!
When we were young, when we could number
friends

In all the Italian cities like ourselves,
When with elated hearts we joined your train,
Ye Sun-born virgins! on the road of Truth.
Then we could still enjoy, then neither thought
Nor outward things were closed and dead to us,
But we received the shock of mighty thoughts
On simple minds with a pure natural joy;
And if the sacred load oppressed our brain,
We had the power to feel the pressure eased,
The brow unbound, the thoughts flow free again,
In the delightful commerce of the world.
We had not lost our balance then, nor grown
Thought's slaves, and dead to every natural joy.
The smallest thing could give us pleasure then—
The sports of the country people;
A flute note from the woods;
Sunset over the sea;
Seedtime and harvest;
The reapers in the corn;
The vinedresser in his vineyard;
The village-girl at her wheel.
Fulness of life and power of feeling, ye
Are for the happy, for the souls at ease,
Who dwell on a firm basis of content.
But he who has outlived his prosperous days,
But he whose youth fell on a different world
From that on which his exiled age is thrown;
Whose mind was fed on other food, was trained
By other rules than are in vogue to-day;
Whose habit of thought is fixed, who will not
change,

But in a world he loves not must subsist
In ceaseless opposition, be the guard
Of his own breast, fettered to what he guards,
That the world win no mastery over him;
Who has no friend, no fellow left, not one;
Who has no minute's breathing space allowed
To nurse his dwindling faculty of joy:—
Joy and the outward world must die to him
As they are dead to me."

What freak of criticism can induce a man
who has written such poetry as this to dis-
card it, and say it is not poetry? Mr. Ar-

nold is privileged to speak of his own poems,
but no other critic could speak so and not be
laughed at.

We are disposed to believe that no very sharp definition can be given—at least in the present state of the critical art—of the boundary line between poetry and other sorts of imaginative delineation. Between the undoubted dominions of the two kinds there is a debatable land; everybody is agreed that the "Œdipus at Colonus" is poetry: every one is agreed that the wonderful appearance of Mrs. Veal is *not* poetry. But the exact line which separates grave novels in verse, like "Aylmer's Field" or "Enoch Arden," from grave novels not in verse like "Silas Marner" or "Adam Bede," we own we cannot draw with any confidence. Nor, perhaps, is it very important; whether a narrative is thrown into verse or not certainly depends in part on the taste of the age, and in part on its mechanical helps. Verse is the only mechanical help to the memory in rude times, and there is little writing till a cheap something is found to write upon, and a cheap something to write with. Poetry—verse at least—is the literature of *all work* in early ages; it is only later ages which write in what *they* think a natural and simple prose. There are other casual influences in the matter too; but they are not material now. We need only say here that poetry, because it has a more marked rhythm than prose, must be more intense in meaning and more concise in style than prose. People expect a "marked rhythm" to imply something worth marking; if it fails to do so, they are disappointed. They are displeased at the visible waste of a powerful instrument; they call it "doggerel," and rightly call it, for the metrical expression of full thought and eager feeling—the burst of metre—incident to high imagination should not be wasted on petty matters which prose does as well,—which it does better,—which it suits by its very limpness and weakness, whose small changes it follows more easily, and to whose lowest details it can fully and without effort degrade itself. Verse, too, should be *more concise*, for long continued rhythm tends to jade the mind, just as brief rhythm tends to attract the attention. Poetry should be memorable and emphatic, intense and *soon over*.

The great divisions of poetry, and of all other literary art, arise from the different

modes in which these *types*—these characteristic men, these characteristic feelings—may be variously described. There are three principal modes which we shall attempt to describe,—the *pure*, which is sometimes, but not very wisely, called the classical; the *ornate*, which is also unwisely called romantic; and the *grotesque*, which might be called the mediæval. We will describe the nature of these a little. Criticism we know must be brief—not, like poetry, because its charm is too intense to be sustained, but, on the contrary because its interest is too weak to be prolonged; but elementary criticism, if an evil, is a necessary evil; a little while spent among the simple principles of art is the first condition, the absolute prerequisite, for surely apprehending and wisely judging the complete embodiments and miscellaneous forms of actual literature.

The definition of *pure* literature is that it describes the type in its simplicity, we mean, with the exact amount of accessory circumstance which is necessary to bring it before the mind in finished perfection, and *no more* than that amount. The *type* needs some accessories from its nature,—a picturesque landscape does not consist wholly of picturesque features. There is a setting of surroundings—as the Americans would say, of *fixings*—without which the reality is not itself. By a traditional mode of speech, as soon as we see a picture in which a complete effect is produced by detail so rare and so harmonized as to escape us, we say, How “classical!” The whole which is to be seen appears at once and through the detail, but the detail itself is not seen: we do not think of that which gives us the idea; we are absorbed in the idea itself. Just so in literature the pure art is that which works with the fewest strokes; the fewest, that is, for its purpose, for its aim is to call up and bring home to men an idea, a form, a character, and if that idea be twisted, that form be involved, that character perplexed, many strokes of literary art will be needful. Pure art does not mutilate its object: it represents it as fully as is possible with the slightest effort which is possible: it shrinks from no needful circumstances as little as it inserts any which are needless. The precise peculiarity is not merely that no incidental circumstance is inserted which does not tell on the main design: no art is fit to be called *art* which permits a stroke to be put in with-

out an object; but that only the minimum of such circumstance is inserted at all. The form is sometimes said to be bare, the accessories are sometimes said to be invisible, because the appendages are so choice that the shape only is perceived.

The English literature undoubtedly contains much impure literature,—impure in its style if not in its meaning; but it also contains one great, one nearly perfect, model of the pure style in the literary expression of typical *sentiment*; and one not perfect but gigantic and close approximation to perfection in the pure delineation of objective character. Wordsworth, perhaps, comes as near to choice purity of style in sentiment as is possible; Milton, with exceptions and conditions to be explained, approaches perfection by the strenuous purity with which he depicts character.

A wit once said, that “*pretty* women had more features than *beautiful* women,” and though the expression may be criticised, the meaning is correct. Pretty women seem to have a great number of attractive points, each of which attracts your attention, and each one of which you remember afterwards; yet these points have not *grown together*, their features have not linked themselves into a single inseparable whole. But a beautiful woman is a whole as she is; you no more take her to pieces than a Greek statue; she is not an aggregate of divisible charms, she is a charm in herself. Such ever is the dividing test of pure art; if you catch yourself admiring its details, it is defective; you ought to think of it as a single whole which you must remember, which you must admire, which somehow subdues you while you admire it, which is a “possession” to you “forever.”

Of course, no individual poem embodies this ideal perfectly; of course, every human word and phrase has its imperfections, and if we choose an instance to illustrate that ideal, the instance has scarcely a fair chance. By contrasting it with the ideal, we suggest its imperfections; by protruding it as an example, we turn on its defectiveness the microscope of criticism. Yet these two sonnets of Wordsworth may be fitly read in this place, not because they are quite without faults, or because they are the very best examples of their kind of style; but because they are *luminous* examples; the compactness of the

sonnet and the gravity of the sentiment hedging in the thoughts, restraining the fancy, and helping to maintain a singleness of expression.

"THE TROSACHS.

"There's not a nook within this solemn pass,
But were an apt confessional for one
Taught by his summer spent, his autumn gone,
That life is but a tale of morning grass
Withered at eve. From scenes of art which
chase
That thought away, turn, and with watchful eyes
Feed it 'mid Nature's old felicities,—
Rocks, rivers, and smooth lakes more clear than
glass
Untouched, unbreathed upon. Thrice happy
guest,
If from a golden perch of aspen spray
(October's workmanship to rival May)
The pensive warbler of the ruddy breast
That moral teaches by a heaven-taught lay,
Lulling the year, with all its cares, to rest!"

"COMPOSED UPON WESTMINSTER BRIDGE, SEPT.
3, 1802.

"Earth has not anything to show more fair :
Dull would he be of soul who could pass by
A sight so touching in its majesty :
This city now doth, like a garment, wear
The beauty of the morning ; silent, bare,
Shops, towers, domes, theatres, and temples lie
Open unto the fields and to the sky ;
All bright and open in the smokeless air.
Never did sun more beautifully steep,
In his first splendour, valley, rock, or hill ;
Ne'er saw I, never felt, a calm so deep !
The river glideth at his own sweet will :
Dear God ! The very houses seem asleep ;
And all that mighty heart is lying still !"

Instances of barer style than this may easily be found, instances of colder style,—few better instances of purer style. Not a single expression (the invocation in the concluding couplet of the second sonnet perhaps excepted) can be spared, yet not a single expression rivets the attention. If, indeed, we take out the phrase—

"The city doth like a garment wear
The beauty of the morning,"

and the description of the brilliant yellow of autumn—

"October's workmanship to rival May,"

they have independent value, but they are not noticed in the sonnet when we read it through ; they fall into place there, and being in their place are not seen. The great subjects of the two sonnets, the religious aspect of beautiful but grave nature,—the religious aspect of a city about to awaken and be alive, are the only ideas left in our mind. To Wordsworth has been vouchsafed the last

grace of the self-denying artist ; you think neither of him nor his style, but you cannot help thinking of—you *must* recall—the exact phrase, the *very* sentiment he wished.

Milton's purity is more eager. In the most exciting parts of Wordsworth,—and these sonnets are not very exciting,—you always feel, you never forget, that what you have before you is the excitement of a re-cluse. There is nothing of the stir of life, nothing of the *brawl* of the world. But Milton, though always a scholar by trade, though solitary in old age, was through life intent on great affairs, lived close to great scenes, watched a revolution, and if not an actor in it, was at least secretary to the actors. He was familiar—by daily experience and habitual sympathy—with the earnest debate of arduous questions, on which the life and death of the speakers certainly depended, on which the weal or woe of the country perhaps depended. He knew how profoundly the individual character of the speakers—their inner and real nature—modifies their opinion on such questions ; he knew how surely that nature will appear in the expression of them. This great experience, fashioned by a fine imagination, gives to the debate of Satanic Council in Pandæmonium its reality and its life. It is a debate in the Long Parliament, and though the *theme* of "Paradise Lost" obliged Milton to side with the monarchical element in the universe, his old habits are often too much for him ; and his real sympathy, the impetus and energy of his nature, side with the rebellious element. For the purposes of art this is much better ; of a court a poet can make but little ; of a heaven he can make very little, but of a courtly heaven, such as Milton conceived, he can make nothing at all. The idea of a court and the idea of a heaven are so radically different that a distinct combination of them is always grotesque and often ludicrous. "Paradise Lost," as a whole, is radically tainted by a vicious principle. It professes to justify the ways of God to man, to account for sin and death, and it tells you that the whole originated in a *political event*,—in a court squabble as to a particular act of patronage and the due or undue promotion of an eldest son. Satan may have been wrong, but on Milton's theory he had an *arguable* case at least. There was something arbitrary in the pro-

motion; there were little symptoms of a job; in "Paradise Lost" it is always clear that the devils are the weaker, but it is never clear that the angels are the better. Milton's sympathy and his imagination slip back to the Puritan rebels whom he loved, and desert the courtly angels whom he could not love, although he praised. There is no wonder that Milton's hell is better than his heaven, for he hated officials and he loved rebels, for he employs his genius below, and accumulates his pedantry above. On the great debate in Pandæmonium all his genius is concentrated. The question is very practical; it is, "What are we devils to do, now we have lost heaven?" Satan who presides over and manipulates the assembly; Moloch,

"The fiercest spirit;
That fought in heaven, now fiercer by despair,"
who wants to fight again; Belial, "the man of the world," who does not want to fight any more; Mammon, who is for commencing an industrial career; Beelzebub, the official statesman,

"Deep on his front engraven,
Deliberation sat and public care,"
who, at Satan's instance, proposes the invasion of earth, are as distinct as so many statues. Even Belial, "the man of the world," the sort of man with whom Milton had least sympathy, is perfectly painted. An inferior artist would have made the actor who "counselled ignoble ease and peaceful sloth" a degraded and ugly creature; but Milton knew better. He knew that low notions require a better garb than high notions. Human nature is not a high thing, but at least it has a high idea of itself; it will not accept mean maxims, unless they are gilded and made beautiful. A prophet in goatskin may cry, "Repent, repent," but it takes "purple and fine linen" to be able to say "Continue in your sins." The world vanquishes with its speciousness and its show, and the orator who is to persuade men to worldliness must have a share in them. Milton well knew this; after the warlike speech of the fierce Moloch, he introduces a brighter and a more graceful spirit.

"He ended frowning, and his look denounced
Desperate revenge, and battle dangerous
To less than gods. On the other side up rose
Belial, in act more graceful and humane:
A fairer person lost not heaven; he seemed
For dignity composed and high exploit:
But all was false and hollow, though his tongue

Dropped manna, and could make the worse appear
The better reason, to perplex and dash
Matu'rest counsels: for his thoughts were low;
To vice industrious, but to nobler deeds
Tim'rous and slothful: yet he pleased the ear,
And with persuasive accent thus began: "

He does not begin like a man with a strong case, but like a man with a weak case; he knows that the pride of human nature is irritated by mean advice, and though he may probably persuade men to *take* it, he must carefully apologize for *giving* it. Here, as elsewhere, though the formal address is to devils, the real address is to men; to the human nature which we know, not to the fictitious demonic nature we do not know.

"I should be much for open war, O Peers!
As not behind in hate, if what was urged
Main reason to persuade immediate war
Did not dissuade me most, and seem to cast
Ominous conjecture on the whole success:
When he who most excels in fact of arms,
In what he counsels and in what excels
Mistrustful, grounds his courage on despair,
And utter dissolution, as the scope
Of all his aim, after some dire revenge.
First, what revenge? The towers of Heaven are
filled

With armed watch, that render all access
Impregnable; oft on the bordering deep
Encamp their legions, or with obscure wing
Scout far and wide into the realm of night
Scorning surprise. Or could we break our way
By force, and at our heels all hell should rise
With blackest insurrection, to confound
Heaven's purest light, yet our Great Enemy,
All incorruptible, would on his throne
Sit unpolled, and the ethereal mould,
Incapable of stain, would soon expel
Her mischief, and purge off the baser fire,
Victorious. Thus repulsed, our final hope
Is flat despair. We must exasperate
The Almighty Victor to spend all his rage,
And that must end us: that must be our cure,
To be no more? Sad cure; for who would lose,
Though full of pain, this intellectual being,
Those thoughts that wander through eternity,
To perish rather, swallowed up and lost
In the wide womb of uncreated night,
Devoid of sense and motion? And who knows,
Let this be good, whether our angry Foe
Can give it or will ever? How he can
Is doubtful; that he never will is sure.
Will he, so wise, let loose at once his ire,
Belike through impotence, or unaware,
To give his enemies their wish, and end
Them in his anger, whom his anger saves
To punish endless? Wherefore cease we then?
Say they who counsel war, we are decreed,
Reserved, and destined to eternal woe;
Whatever doing, what can we suffer more,
What can we suffer worse? Is this then worst,
Thus sitting, thus consulting, thus in arms?"
And so on.

Mr. Pitt knew this speech by heart, and Lord Macaulay has called it incomparable; and these judges of the oratorical art have well decided. A mean foreign policy cannot be better defended. Its sensibleness is effectually explained, and its tameness as much as possible disguised.

But we have not here to do with the excellence of Belial's policy, but with the excellence of his speech, and with that speech in a peculiar manner. This speech, taken with the few lines of description with which Milton introduces it, embodies, in as short a space as possible, with as much perfection as possible, the delineation of the type of character common at all times, dangerous in many times; sure to come to the surface in moments of difficulty, and never more dangerous than then. As Milton describes, it is one among several *typical* characters which will ever have their place in great councils, which will ever be heard at important decisions, which are part of the characteristic and inalienable whole of this statesmanlike world. The debate in Pandæmonium is a debate among these typical characters at the greatest conceivable crisis, and with adjuncts of solemnity which no other situation could rival. It is the greatest *classical* triumph, the highest achievement of the *pure* style in English literature; it is the greatest description of the highest and most typical characters with the most choice circumstances and in the fewest words.

It is not unremarkable that we should find in Milton and in "Paradise Lost" the best specimen of pure style. He was schoolmaster in a pedantic age, and there is nothing so unclassical—nothing so impure in style—as pedantry. The out-of-door conversational life at Athens was as opposed to bookish scholasticism as a life can be. The most perfect books have been written not by those who thought much of books, but by those who thought little, by those who were under the restraint of a sensitive talking world, to which books had contributed something, and a various eager life the rest. Milton is generally unclassical in spirit where he is learned, and naturally, because the purest poets do not overlay their conceptions with book knowledge, and the classical poets, having in comparison no books, were under little temptation to impair the purity of their style by the accumulation of their research.

Over and above this, there is in Milton, and a little in Wordsworth also, one defect which is in the highest degree faulty and unclassical, which mars the effect and impairs the perfection of the pure style. There is a want of *spontaneity* and a sense of effort. It has been happily said that Plato's words must have *grown* into their places. No one would say so of Milton or even of Wordsworth. About both of them there is a taint of duty, a vicious sense of the good man's task. Things seem right where they are, but they seem to be put where they are. *Flexibility* is essential to the consummate perfection of the pure style because the sensation of the poet's efforts carries away our thoughts from his achievements. We are admiring his labors when we should be enjoying his words. But this is a defect in those two writers, not a defect in pure art. Of course it is more difficult to write in few words than to write in many; to take the best adjuncts, and those only, for what you have to say, instead of using all which comes to hand; it is an additional labor, if you write verses in a morning, to spend the rest of the day in *choosing*, or making those verses fewer. But a perfect artist in the pure style is as effortless and as natural as in any style, perhaps is more so. Take the well-known lines:—

"There was a little lawny islet
By anemone and violet,
Like mosaic, paven :
And its roof was flowers and leaves
Which the summer's breath enweaves,
Where nor sun nor showers nor breeze
Pierce the pines and tallest trees,
Each a gem engraven.
Girt by many an azure wave
With which the clouds and mountains pave
A lake's blue chasm."

Shelley had many merits and many defects. This is not the place for a complete or indeed for *any* estimate of him. But one excellence is most evident. His words are as flexible as any words; the rhythm of some modulating air seems to move them into their place without a struggle by the poet and almost without his knowledge. This is the perfection of pure art, to embody typical conceptions in the choicest, the fewest accidents, to embody them so that each of these accidents may produce its full effect, and so to embody them without effort.

The extreme opposite to this pure art is

what may be called ornate art. This species of art aims also at giving a delineation of the typical idea in its perfection and its fulness, but it aims at so doing in a manner most different. It wishes to surround the type with the greatest number of circumstances which it will bear. It works not by choice and selection, but by accumulation and aggregation. The idea is not, as in the pure style, presented with the least clothing which it will endure, but with the richest and most involved clothing that it will admit.

We are fortunate in not having to hunt out of past literature an illustrative specimen of the ornate style. Mr. Tennyson has just given one admirable in itself, and most characteristic of the defects and the merits of this style. The story of "Enoch Arden," as he has enhanced and presented it, is a rich and splendid composite of imagery and illustration. Yet how simple that story is in itself. A sailor who sells fish breaks his leg, gets dismal, gives up selling fish, goes to sea, is wrecked on a desert island, stays there some years, on his return finds his wife married to a miller, speaks to a landlady on the subject, and dies. Told in the pure and simple, the unadorned and classical style, this story would not have taken three pages; but Mr. Tennyson has been able to make it the principal, the largest tale in his new volume. He has done so only by giving to every event and incident in the volume an accompanying commentary. He tells a great deal about the torrid zone which a rough sailor like Enoch Arden certainly would not have perceived; and he gives to the fishing village, to which all the characters belong, a softness and a fascination which such villages scarcely possess in reality.

The description of the tropical island on which the sailor is thrown is an absolute model of adorned art:—

"The mountain wooded to the peak, the lawns
And winding glades high up like ways to
heaven,

The slender coco's drooping crown of plumes,
The lightning flash of insect and of bird,
The lustre of the long convolvuluses
That coiled around the stately stems, and ran
Even to the limit of the land, the glows
And glories of the broad belt of the world,
All these he saw; but what he fain had seen
He could not see,—the kindly human face,
Nor ever hear a kindly voice, but heard
The myriad shriek of wheeling ocean-fowl,
The league-long roller thundering on the reef,

The moving whisper of huge trees that branched
And blossomed in the zenith, or the sweep
Of some precipitous rivulet to the wave,
As down the shore he ranged, or all day long
Sat often in the seaward-gazing gorge,
A shipwrecked sailor, waiting for a sail:
No sail from day to day, but every day
The sunrise broken into scarlet shafts
Among the palms and ferns and precipices;
The blaze upon the waters to the east;
The blaze upon his island overhead;
The blaze upon the waters to the west;
Then the great stars that globed themselves in
heaven,
The hollower-bellowing ocean, and again
The scarlet shafts of sunrise—but no sail."

No expressive circumstance can be added to this description, no enhancing detail suggested. A much less happy instance is the description of Enoch's life before he sailed:—

"While Enoch was abroad on wrathful seas,
Or often journeying inlandward; for in truth
Enoch's white horse, and Enoch's ocean spoil
In ocean-smelling osier, and his face,
Rough-reddened with a thousand winter gales,
Not only to the market-cross were known,
But in the leafy lanes behind the down.
Far as the portal-warding lion-whelp,
And peacock-yew-tree of the lonely Hall
Whose Friday fare was Enoch's ministering."

So much has not often been made of selling fish.

The essence of ornate art is in this manner to accumulate round the typical object everything which can be said about it, every associated thought that can be connected with it without impairing the essence of the delineation.

The first effect which strikes a student of ornate art—the first which arrests the mere reader of it—is what is called a want of simplicity. Nothing is described as it is, everything has about it an atmosphere of *something else*. The combined and associated thoughts, though they set off and heighten particular ideas and aspects of the central and typical conception, yet complicate it; a simple thing—"a daisy by the river's brim"—is never left by itself; something else is put with it,—something not more connected with it than "lion-whelp" and the "peacock yew-tree" are with the "fresh fish for sale" that Enoch carries past them. Even in the highest cases ornate art leaves upon a cultured and delicate taste the conviction that it is not the highest art, that it is somehow excessive and over-rich, that it is not chaste in itself or chastening to the mind that sees it, that it is in an unexplained manner unsatis-

factory, "a thing in which we feel there is some hidden want!"

That want is a want of "definition." We must all know landscapes, river landscapes especially, which are in the highest sense beautiful; which, when we first see them, give us a delicate pleasure; which in some—and these the best cases—give even a gentle sense of surprise that such things should be so beautiful, and yet when we come to live in them, to spend even a few hours in them, we seem stifled and oppressed. On the other hand, there are people to whom the seashore is a companion, an exhilaration; and not so much for the brawl of the shore as for the *limited* vastness, the finite infinite, of the ocean as they see it. Such people often come home braced and nerved, and if they spoke out the truth, would have only to say, "We have seen the horizon line;" if they were let alone, indeed, they would gaze on it hour after hour, so great to them is the fascination, so full the sustaining calm, which they gain from that union of form and greatness. To a very inferior extent, but still, perhaps, to an extent which most people understand better, a common arch will have the same effect. A bridge completes a river landscape; if of the old and many-arched sort, it regulates by a long series of defined forms the vague outline of wood and river which before had nothing to measure it; if of the new scientific sort, it introduces still more strictly a geometrical element; it stiffens the scenery which was before too soft, too delicate, too vegetable. Just such is the effect of pure style in literary art. It calms by conciseness; while the ornate style leaves on the mind a mist of beauty, an excess of fascination, a complication of charm, the pure style leaves behind it the simple, defined, measured idea, as it is, and by itself. That which is chaste chastens; there is a poised energy, a state half thrill, and half tranquillity,—which pure art gives, which no other can give; a pleasure justified as well as felt: an ennobled satisfaction at what ought to satisfy us, and must ennoble us.

Ornate art is to pure art what a painted statue is to an unpainted. It is impossible to deny that a touch of color *does* bring out certain parts, does convey certain expressions, does heighten certain features, but it leaves on the work, as a whole, a want, as we say, "of something;" a want of that insepa-

table chasteness which clings to simple sculpture, an impairing predominance of alluring details which impairs our satisfaction with our own satisfaction; which makes us doubt whether a higher being than ourselves will be satisfied even though we are so. In the very same manner, though the *rouge* of ornate literature excites our eye, it also impairs our confidence.

Mr. Arnold has justly observed that this self-justifying, self-proving purity of style is commoner in ancient literature than in modern literature, and also that Shakspeare is not a great or an unmixed example of it. No one can say that he is. His works are full of undergrowth, are full of complexity, are not models of style; except by a miracle nothing in the Elizabethan could be a model of style; the restraining taste of that age was feebler and more mistaken than that of any other equally great age. Shakspeare's mind so teemed with creation that he required the most just, most forcible, most constant restraint from without. He most needed to be guided of poets, and he was the least and worst guided. As a whole, no one can call his works finished models of the pure style, or of any style. But he has many passages of the most pure style,—passages which could be easily cited if space served. And we must remember that the task which Shakspeare undertook was the most difficult which any poet has ever attempted, and that it is a task in which, after a million efforts, every other poet has failed. The Elizabethan drama—as Shakspeare has immortalized it—undertakes to delineate in five acts, under stage restrictions, and in mere dialogue, a whole list of *dramatis personæ*, a set of characters enough for a modern novel, and with the distinctness of a modern novel. Shakspeare is not content to give two or three great characters in solitude and in dignity, like the classical dramatists; he wishes to give a whole *party* of characters in the play of life, and according to the nature of each. He would "hold the mirror up to nature," not to catch a monarch in a tragic posture, but a whole group of characters engaged in many actions, intent on many purposes, thinking many thoughts. There is life enough, there is action enough, in single plays of Shakspeare to set up an ancient dramatist for a long career. And Shakspeare succeeded. His characters, taken *en masse*, and as a whole, are as well-

known as any novelist's characters; cultivated men know all about them, as young ladies know all about Mr. Trollope's novels. But no other dramatist has succeeded in such an aim. No one else's characters are staple people in English literature, hereditary people whom every one knows all about in every generation. The contemporary dramatists, Beaumont and Fletcher, Ben Jonson, Marlowe, etc., had many merits; some of them were great men. But a critic must say of them the worst thing he has to say: "they were men who failed in their characteristic aim;" they attempted to describe numerous sets of complicated characters, and they failed. No one of such characters, or hardly one, lives in common memory; the "Faustus" of Marlowe, a really great idea, is not remembered. They undertook to write what they could not write,—five acts full of real characters,—and in consequence, the fine individual things they conceived are forgotten by the mixed multitude, and known only to a few of the few. Of the Spanish theatre we cannot speak; but there are no such characters in any French tragedy; the whole aim of that tragedy forbade it. Goethe has added to literature a few great characters; he may be said almost to have added to literature the idea of "intellectual creation,"—the idea of describing great characters through the intellect; but he has not added to the common stock what Shakspeare added,—a new *multitude* of men and women, and these not in simple attitudes, but amid the most complex parts of life, with all their various natures roused, mixed, and strained. The severest art must have allowed many details, much overflowing circumstance to a poet who undertook to describe what almost defies description. Pure art would have *commanded* him to use details lavishly, for only by a multiplicity of such could the required effect have been at all produced. Shakspeare could accomplish it, for his mind was a *spring*, an inexhaustible fountain of human nature, and it is no wonder that, being compelled by the task of his time to let the fulness of his nature overflow, he sometimes let it overflow too much, and covered with erroneous conceits and superfluous images characters and conceptions which would have been far more justly, far more effectually, delineated with conciseness and simplicity. But there is an infinity of

pure art in Shakspeare, although there is a great deal else also.

It will be said, if ornate art be, as you say, an inferior species of art, why should it ever be used? If pure art be the best sort of art, why should it not always be used?

The reason is this: literary art, as we just now explained, is concerned with literatesque characters in literatesque situations; and the *best* art is concerned with the *most* literatesque characters in the *most* literatesque situations. Such are the subjects of pure art; it embodies with the fewest touches, and under the most select and choice circumstances, the highest conceptions; but it does not follow that only the best subjects are to be treated by art, and then only in the very best way. Human nature could not endure such a critical commandment as that, and it would be an erroneous criticism which gave it. *Any* literatesque character may be described in literature under *any* circumstances which exhibit its literatesqueness.

The essence of pure art consists in its describing what is as it is, and this is very well for what can bear it, but there are many inferior things which will not bear it, and which nevertheless ought to be described in books. A certain kind of literature deals with illusions, and this kind of literature has given a coloring to the name romantic. A man of rare genius, and even of poetical genius, has gone so far as to make these illusions the true subject of poetry,—almost the sole subject. "Without," says Father Newman, of one of his characters, "being himself a poet, he was in the season of poetry, in the sweet springtime, when the year is most beautiful, because it is new. Novelty was beauty to a heart so open and cheerful as his; not only because it was novelty, and had its proper charm as such, but because, when we first see things, we see them in a gay confusion, which is a principal element of the poetical. As time goes on, and we number and sort and measure things,—as we gain views,—we advance towards philosophy and truth, but we recede from poetry.

"When we ourselves were young, we once on a time walked on a hot summer-day from Oxford to Newington,—a dull road, as any one who has gone it knows; yet it was new to us; and we protest to you, reader,—believe it

or not, laugh or not, as you will,—to us it seemed on that occasion quite touchingly beautiful; and a soft melancholy came over us, of which the shadows fall even now, when we look back upon that dusty, weary journey. And why? because every object which met us was unknown and full of mystery. A tree or two in the distance seemed the beginning of a great wood, or park, stretching endlessly; a hill implied a vale beyond, with that vale's history; the by-lanes, with their green hedges, wound on and vanished, yet were not lost to the imagination. Such was our first journey; but when we had gone it several times, the mind refused to act, the scene ceased to enchant, stern reality alone remained; and we thought it one of the most tiresome, odious roads we ever had occasion to traverse."

That is to say, that the function of the poet is to introduce a "gay confusion," a rich medley which does not exist in the actual world,—which perhaps could not exist in any world,—but which would seem pretty if it did exist. Every one who reads "Enoch Arden" will perceive that this notion of all poetry is exactly applicable to this one poem. Whatever be made of Enoch's, "Ocean spoil in ocean swelling over," of the "portal-warding lion-whelp, and the peacock yew-tree," every one knows that in himself Enoch could not have been charming. People who sell fish about the country (and this is what he did, though Mr. Tennyson wont speak out, and wraps it up) never are beautiful. As Enoch was and must be coarse, in itself the poem must depend for its charm on a "gay confusion,"—on a splendid accumulation of impossible accessories.

Mr. Tennyson knows this better than many of us; he knows the country world; he has proved it that no one living knows it better; he has painted with pure art—with art which describes what is a race perhaps more refined, more delicate, more conscientious, than the sailor—the "Northern Farmer," and we all know what a splendid, what a living, thing he has made of it. He could, if he only would, have given us the ideal sailor in like manner,—the ideal of the natural sailor we mean,—the characteristic present man as he lives and is. But this he has not chosen. He has endeavored to describe an exceptional sailor, at an exceptionally refined port, performing a graceful act, an act of relinquish-

ment. And with this task before him, his profound taste taught him that ornate art was a necessary medium—was the sole effectual instrument—for his purpose. It was necessary for him if possible to abstract the mind from reality, to induce it *not* to conceive or think of sailors as they are while they are reading of his sailors, but to think of what a person who did not know might fancy sailors to be. A casual traveller on the seashore, with the sensitive moon and the romantic imagination Mr. Newman has described, might fancy, would fancy, a seafaring village to be like that. Accordingly, Mr. Tennyson has made it his aim to call off the stress of fancy from real life, to occupy it otherwise to bury it with pretty accessories: to engage it on the "peacock yew-tree," and the "portal-warding lion-whelp." Nothing, too, can be more splendid than the description of the tropics as Mr. Tennyson delineates them, but a sailor would not have felt the tropics in that manner. The beauties of nature would not have so much occupied him. He would have known little of the scarlet shafts of sunrise and nothing of the long convolvuluses. As in Robinson Crusoe, his own petty contrivances and his small ailments would have been the principal subject to him. "For three years," he might have said, "my back was bad, and then I put two pegs into a piece of drift-wood and so made a chair, and after that it pleased God to send me a chill." In real life his piety would scarcely have gone beyond that.

It will indeed be said that, though the sailor had no words for, and even no explicit consciousness of, the splendid details of the torrid zone, yet that he had, notwithstanding, a dim, latent, inexpressible conception of them; though he could not speak of them or describe them, yet they were much to him. And doubtless such is the case. Rude people are impressed by what is beautiful,—deeply impressed,—though they could not describe what they see, or what they feel. But what is absurd in Mr. Tennyson's description—absurd when we abstract it from the gorgeous additions and ornaments with which Mr. Tennyson distracts us—is, that his hero feels nothing else but these great splendors. We hear nothing of the physical ailments, the rough devices, the low superstitions, which really would have been the *first* things, the favorite and principal occupations of his

mind. Just so when he gets home, he *may* have had such fine sentiments, though it is odd, and he *may* have spoken of them to his landlady, though that is odder still; but it is incredible that his whole mind should be made up of fine sentiment. Besides those sweet feelings, if he had them, there must have been many more obvious, more prosaic, and some perhaps more healthy. Mr. Tennyson has shown a profound judgment in distracting us as he does. He has given us a classic delineation of the "Northern Farmer" with no ornament at all—as bare a thing as can be—because he then wanted to describe a true type of real men: he has given us a sailor crowded all over with ornament and illustration, because he then wanted to describe an unreal type of fancied men,—not sailors as they are, but sailors as they might be wished.

Another prominent element in "Enoch Arden" is yet more suitable to, yet more requires the aid of, ornate art. Mr. Tennyson undertook to deal with *half belief*. The presentiments which Annie feels are exactly of that sort which everybody has felt, and which every one has half believed,—which hardly any one has more than half believed. Almost every one, it has been said, would be angry if any one else reported that he believed in ghosts; yet hardly any one, when thinking by himself, wholly disbelieves them. Just so such presentiments as Mr. Tennyson depicts impress the inner mind so much that the outer mind—the rational understanding—hardly likes to consider them nicely or to discuss them sceptically. For these dubious themes an ornate or complex style is needful. Classical art speaks out what it has to say plainly and simply. Pure style cannot hesitate; it describes in concisest outline what is, as it is. If a poet really believes in presentiments, he can speak out in pure style. One who could have been a poet—one of the few in any age of whom one can say certainly that they could have been, and have not been—has spoken thus:—

"When Heaven sends sorrow,
Warnings go first,
Lest it should burst
With stunning might
On souls too bright
To fear the morrow.

"Can science bear us
To the hid springs

Of human things?
Why may not dream,
Or thought's day gleam,
Startle, yet cheer us?

"Are such thoughts fetters,
While faith disowns
Dread of earth's tones,
Recks but Heaven's call,
And on the wall
Reads but Heaven's letters?"

But if a poet is not sure whether presentiments are true or not true; if he wishes to leave his readers in doubt; if he wishes an atmosphere of indistinct illusion and of moving shadow, he must use the romantic style,—the style of miscellaneous adjunct,—the style "which shirks, not meets" your intellect,—the style which as you are scrutinizing disappears.

Nor is this all, or even the principal lesson, which "Enoch Arden" may suggest to us, of the use of ornate art. That art is the appropriate art for an *unpleasing type*. Many of the characters of real life, if brought distinctly, prominently, and plainly before the mind, as they really are, if shown in their inner nature, their actual essence, are doubtless very unpleasant. They would be horrid to meet and horrid to think of. We fear it must be owned that "Enoch Arden" is this kind of person. A dirty sailor who did *not* go home to his wife is not an agreeable being: a varnish must be put on him to make him shine. It is true that he acts rightly, that he is very good. But such is human nature that it finds a little tameness in mere morality. Mere virtue belongs to a charity school-girl, and has a taint of the catechism. All of us feel this, though most of us are too timid, too scrupulous, too anxious about the virtue of others, to speak out. We are ashamed of our nature in this respect, but it is not the less our nature. And if we look deeper into the matter, there are many reasons why we should not be ashamed of it. The soul of man, and as we necessarily believe of beings greater than man, has many parts beside its moral part. It has an intellectual part, an artistic part, even a religious part, in which mere morals have no share. In Shakspeare or Goethe, even in Newton or Archimedes, there is much which will not be cut down to the shape of the commandments. They have thoughts, feelings, hopes,—immortal thoughts and hopes,—which have influenced the life of men, and

the souls of men, ever since their age, but which the "whole duty of man," the ethical compendium, does not recognize. Nothing is more unpleasant than a virtuous person with a mean mind. A highly developed moral nature joined to an undeveloped intellectual nature, an undeveloped artistic nature, and a very limited religious nature, is of necessity repulsive. It represents a bit of human nature,—a good bit, of course,—but a bit only, in disproportionate, unnatural, and revolting prominence; and, therefore, unless an artist use delicate care, we are offended. The dismal act of a squalid man needed many condiments to make it pleasant, and therefore Mr. Tennyson was right to mix them subtly and to use them freely.

A mere act of self-denial can indeed scarcely be pleasant upon paper. An heroic struggle with an external adversary, even though it end in a defeat, may easily be made attractive. Human nature likes to see itself look grand, and it looks grand when it is making a brave struggle with foreign foes. But it does not look grand when it is divided against itself. An excellent person striving with temptation is a very admirable being in reality, but he is not a pleasant being in description. We hope he will win and overcome his temptation, but we feel that he would be a more interesting being, a higher being, if he had not felt that temptation so much. The poet must make the struggle great in order to make the self-denial virtuous, and if the struggle be too great, we are apt to feel some mixture of contempt. The internal metaphysics of a divided nature are but an inferior subject for art, and if they are to be made attractive, much else must be combined with them. If the excellence of Hamlet had depended on the ethical qualities of Hamlet, it would not have been the masterpiece of our literature. He acts virtuously of course, and kills the people he ought to kill, but Shakespeare knew that such goodness would not much interest the pit. He made him a handsome prince, and a puzzling meditative character; these secular qualities relieve his moral excellence, and so he becomes "nice." In proportion as an artist has to deal with types essentially imperfect, he must disguise their imperfections; he must accumulate around them as many first-rate accessories as may make his readers forget that they are themselves second-rate.

The sudden *millionnaires* of the present day hope to disguise their social defects by buying old places, and hiding among aristocratic furniture; just so a great artist who has to deal with characters artistically imperfect will use an ornate style, will fit them into a scene where there is much else to look at.

For these reasons ornate art is within the limits as legitimate as pure art. It does what pure art could not do. The very excellence of pure art confines its employment. Precisely because it gives the best things by themselves and exactly as they are it fails when it is necessary to describe inferior things among other things, with a list of enhancements and a crowd of accompaniments that in reality do not belong to it. Illusion, half belief, unpleasant types, imperfect types, are as much the proper sphere of ornate art as an inferior landscape is the proper sphere for the true efficacy of moonlight. A really great landscape needs sunlight and bears sunlight; but moonlight is an equalizer of beauties; it gives a romantic unreality to what will not stand the bare truth. And just so does romantic art.

There is, however, a third kind of art which differs from these on the point in which they most resemble one another. Ornate art and pure art have this in common,—that they paint the types of literature in as good perfection as they can. Ornate art, indeed, uses undue disguises and unreal enhancements; it does not confine itself to the best types; on the contrary it is its office to make the best of imperfect types and lame approximations; but ornate art, as much as pure art, catches its subject in the best light it can, takes the most developed aspect of it which it can find, and throws upon it the most congruous colors it can use. But grotesque art does just the contrary. It takes the type, so to say, *in difficulties*. It gives a representation of it in its minimum development, amid the circumstances least favorable to it, just while it is struggling with obstacles, just where it is encumbered with incongruities. It deals, to use the language of science, not with normal types but with abnormal specimens; to use the language of old philosophy, not with what nature is striving to be, but with what by some lapse she has happened to become.

This art works by contrast. It enables you to see, it makes you see, the perfect type

by painting the opposite deviation. It shows you what ought to be by what ought not to be; when complete, it reminds you of the perfect image, by showing you the distorted and imperfect image. Of this art we possess in the present generation one prolific master. Mr. Browning is an artist working by incongruity. Possibly hardly one of his most considerable efforts can be found which is not great because of its odd mixture. He puts together things which no one else would have put together, and produces on our minds a result which no one else would have produced, or tried to produce. His admirers may not like all we may have to say of him. But in our way we, too, are among his admirers. No one ever read him without seeing not only his great ability but his great *mind*. He not only possesses superficial usable talents, but the strong something, the inner secret something, which uses them and controls them; he is great, not in mere accomplishments, but in himself. He has applied a hard, strong intellect to real life; he has applied the same intellect to the problems of his age. He has striven to know what is: he has endeavored not to be cheated by counterfeits, to be infatuated with illusions. His heart is in what he says. He has battered his brain against his creed till he believes it. He has accomplishments, too, the more effective because they are mixed. He is at once a student of mysticism, and a citizen of the world. He brings to the club sofa distinct visions of old creeds, intense images of strange thoughts: he takes to the bookish student tidings of wild Bohemia, and little traces of the *demi-monde*. He puts down what is good for the naughty and what is naughty for the good. Over women his easier writings exercise that imperious power which belongs to the writings of a great man of the world upon such matters. He knows women, and therefore they wish to know him. If we blame many of Browning's efforts, it is in the interest of art, and not from a wish to hurt or degrade him.

If we wanted to illustrate the nature of grotesque art by an exaggerated instance, we should have selected a poem which the chance of late publication brings us in this new volume. Mr. Browning has undertaken to describe what may be called *mind in difficulties*,—mind set to make out the universe under the worst and hardest circumstances.

He takes "Caliban," not perhaps exactly Shakespeare's Caliban, but an analogous and worse creature,—a strong thinking power, but a nasty creature,—a gross animal, uncontrolled and unelevated by any feeling of religion or duty. The delineation of him will show that Mr. Browning does not wish to take undue advantage of his readers by a choice of nice subjects.

"['Will sprawl, now that the heat of day is best,
Flat on his belly in the pit's much mire,
With elbows wide, fists clinched to prop his chin,
And, while he kicks both feet in the cool slush,
And feels about his spine small oft-things coarse,
Run in and out each arm, and make him laugh;
And while above his head a pompon-plant,
Coating the cave-top as a brow its eye,
Creeps down to touch and tickle hair and beard
And now a flower drops with a bee inside,
And now a fruit to snap at, catch and crunch : "

This pleasant creature proceeds to give his idea of the origin of the universe, and it is as follows. Caliban speaks in the third person, and is of opinion that the Maker of the universe took to making it on account of his personal discomfort :—

" Setebos, Setebos, and Setebos !

" Thinketh, He dwelleth i' the cold o' the moon.

" " Thinketh He made it, with the sun to match,
But not the stars; the stars came otherwise;
Only made clouds, winds, meteors, such as that
Also this isle, what lives and grows thereon,
And snaky sea which rounds and ends the same.

" " Thinketh, it came of being ill at ease:
He hated that He cannot change his cold,
Nor cure its ache. 'Hath spied an icy fish
That longed to 'scape the rock-stream where she
lived,

And thaw herself within the lukewarm brine
O' the lazy sea her stream thrusts far amid,

A crystal spike 'twixt too warm walls of wave;
Only she ever sickened, found repulse
At the other kind of water, not her life,
(Green-dense and dim-delicious, bred o' the sun)
Flounced back from bliss she was not born to
breathe,

And in her old bounds buried her despair,
Hating and loving warmth alike: so He.

" " Thinketh, He made therent the sun, this isle
Trees and the fowls here, beast and creeping
thing.

Yon otter, sleek-wet, black, lithe as a leech;
Yon auk, one fire-eye, in a ball of foam,
That floats and feeds: a certain badger brown
He hath watched hunt with that slant white-
wedge eye

By moonlight; and the pie with the long tongue
That pricks deep into oakwarts for a worm,
And says a plain word when she finds her prize,
But will not eat the ants; the ants themselves

That build a wall of seeds and settled stalks
About their hole—He made all these and more,
Made all we see, and us, in spite : how else ? ”

It may seem, perhaps, to most readers that these lines are very difficult, and that they are unpleasant. And so they are. We quote them to illustrate, not the *success* of grotesque art, but the *nature* of grotesque art. It shows the end at which this species of art aims, and if it fails it is from over-boldness in the choice of a subject by the artist, or from the defects of its execution. A thinking faculty more in difficulties,—a great type,—an inquisitive, searching intellect under more disagreeable conditions, with worse helps, more likely to find falsehood, less likely to find truth, can scarcely be imagined. Nor is the mere description of the thought at all bad ; on the contrary, if we closely examine it, it is very clever. Hardly any one could have amassed so many ideas at once nasty and suitable. But scarcely any readers—any casual readers—who are not of the sect of Mr. Browning’s admirers will be able to examine it enough to appreciate it. From a defect, partly of subject, and partly of style, many of Mr. Browning’s works make a demand upon the reader’s zeal and sense of duty to which the nature of most readers is unequal. They have on the turf the convenient expression “staying power :” some horses can hold on and others cannot. But hardly any reader not of especial and peculiar nature can hold on through such composition. There is not enough of “staying power” in human nature. One of his greatest admirers once owned to us that he seldom or never began a new poem without looking on in advance, and foreseeing with caution what length of intellectual adventure he was about to commence. Whoever will work hard at such poems will find much mind in them : they are a sort of quarry of ideas, but whoever goes there will find these ideas in such a jagged, ugly, useless shape that he can hardly bear them.

We are not judging Mr. Browning simply from a hasty recent production. All poets are liable to misconceptions, and if such a piece as “Caliban upon Setebos” were an isolated error, a venial and particular exception, we should have given it no prominence. We have put it forward because it just elucidates both our subject and the characteristics of Mr. Browning. But many other of his

best known pieces do so almost equally ; what several of his devotees think his best piece is quite enough illustrative for anything we want. It appears that on Holy Cross Day at Rome the Jews were obliged to listen to a Christian sermon in the hope of their conversion, though this is, according to Mr. Browning, what they really said when they came away :—

“Fee, faw, fum ! bubble and squeak !
Blessedest Thursday’s the fat of the week.
Rumble and tumble, sleek and rough,
Stinking and savory, smug and gruff,
Take the church-road, for the bell’s due chime
Gives us the summons—’tis sermon time.

“Boh, here’s Barnabas ! Job, that’s you ?
Up stumps Solomon—bustling too ?
Shame, man ! greedy beyond your years
To handsel the bishop’s shaving-shears ?
Fair play’s a jewel ! leave friends in the lurch ?
Stand on a line-ere you start for the church.

“Higgledy, piggedy, packed we lie,
Rats in a hamper, swine in a sty,
Wasps in a bottle, frogs in a sieve,
Worms in a carcase, fleas in a sleeve.
Hist ! square shoulders, settle your thumbs
And buzz for the bishop—here he comes.”

And after similar nice remarks for a church, the edified congregation concludes :—

“But now, while the scape goats leave our flock,
And the rest sit silent and count the clock,
Since forced to muse the appointed time
On these precious facts and truths sublime,—
Let us fitly employ it, under our breath,
In saying Ben Ezra’s Song of Death.

“For Rabbi Ben Ezra, the night he died,
Called sons and son’s sons to his side,
And spoke, ‘This world has been harsh and
strange ;

Something is wrong : there needeth a change.
But what or where ? at the last, or first ?
In one point only we sinned, at worst.

“The Lord will have mercy on Jacob yet,
And again in his border see Israel set.
When Judah beholds Jerusalem,
The stranger-seed shall be joined to them :
To Jacob’s house shall the Gentiles cleave.
So the prophet saith and his sons believe.

“Ay, the children of the chosen race
Shall carry and bring them to their place :
In the land of the Lord shall lead the same,
Bondsmen and handmaids. Who shall blame,
When the slaves enslave, the oppressed ones o’er
The oppressor triumph for evermore ?

“God spoke, and gave us the word to keep :
Bade never fold the hands nor sleep
’Mid a faithless world,—at watch and ward,
Till Christ at the end relieve our guard.
By his servant Moses the watch was set :
Though near upon cock-crow, we keep it yet.

" 'Thou! if thou wast he, who at mid-watch
came,
By the starlight, naming a dubious Name!
And if, too heavy with sleep—too rash
With fear—O thou, if that martyr-gash
Fell on thee coming to take thine own.
And we gave the cross, when we owed the
throne—

" 'Thou art the Judge. We are bruised thus.
But, the judgment over, join sides with us!
Thine, too, is the cause! and not more thine
Than ours is the work of these dogs and swine,
Whose life laughs through and spits at their
creed,
Who maintain thee in word, and defy thee in
deed!

" 'We withstood Christ then? be mindful how
At least we withstood Barabbas now!
Was our outrage sore? But the worst we spared,
To have called these—Christians, had we dared!
Let defiance to them pay mistrust of thee,
And Rome make amends for Calvary!

" 'By the torture, prolonged from age to age,
By the infamy, Israel's heritage,
By the Ghetto's plague, by the garb's disgrace,
By the badge of shame, by the felon's place,
By the branding-tool, the bloody whip,
And the summons to Christian fellowship,—

" 'We boast our proof that at least the Jew
Would wrest Christ's name from the devil's crew.
Thy face took never so deep a shade
But we fought them in it, God our aid!
A trophy to bear, as we march, thy band
South, East, and on to the Pleasant Land! "

It is very natural that a poet whose wishes incline, or whose genius conducts, him to a grotesque art should be attracted towards mediæval subjects. There is no age whose legends are so full of grotesque subjects, and no age where real life was so fit to suggest them. Then, more than at any other time, good principles have been under great hardships. The vestiges of ancient civilization, the germs of modern civilization, the little remains of what had been, the small beginnings of what is, were buried under a cumbersome mass of barbarism and cruelty. Good elements hidden in horrid accompaniments are the special theme of grotesque art, and these mediæval life and legends afford more copiously than could have been furnished before Christianity gave its new elements of good, or since modern civilization has removed some few at least of the old elements of destruction. A *buried* life like the spiritual mediæval was Mr. Browning's natural element, and he was right to be attracted by it. His mistake has been that he has not made it pleasant; that he has forced his art to top-

ics on which no one could charm, or on which he, at any rate, could not; that on these occasions and in these poems he has failed in fascinating men and women of sane taste.

We say "sane" because there is a most formidable and estimable *insane* taste. The will has great though indirect power over the taste, just as it has over the belief. There are some horrid beliefs from which human nature revolts, from which, at first, it shrinks, to which, at first, no effort can force it. But if we fix the mind upon them, they have a power over us just because of their natural offensiveness. They are like the sight of human blood: experienced soldiers tell us that at first men are sickened by the smell and newness of blood almost to death and fainting, but that as soon as they harden their hearts and stiffen their minds, as soon as they *will* bear it, then comes an appetite for slaughter, a tendency to gloat on carnage, to love blood, at least for the moment, with a deep, eager love. It is a principle that if we put down a healthy instinctive aversion, Nature avenges herself by creating an unhealthy insane attraction. For this reason the most earnest, truth-seeking men fall into the worst delusions; they will not let their mind alone; they force it towards some ugly thing, which a crotchet of argument, a conceit of intellect, recommends, and Nature punishes their disregard of her warning by subjection to the holy one, by belief in it. Just so the most industrious critics get the most admiration. They think it unjust to rest in their instinctive natural horror: they overcome it, and angry Nature gives them over to ugly poems and marries them to detestable stanzas.

Mr. Browning possibly, and some of the worst of Mr. Browning's admirers certainly, will say that these grotesque objects exist in real life, and therefore they ought to be, at least may be, described in art. But though pleasure is not the end of poetry, pleasing is a condition of poetry. An exceptional monstrosity of horrid ugliness cannot be made pleasing, except it be made to suggest—to recall—the perfection, the beauty from which it is a deviation. Perhaps in extreme cases no art is equal to this; but then such self-imposed problems should not be worked by the artist; these out-of-the-way and detestable subjects should be let alone by him. It is rather characteristic of Mr. Browning to

neglect this rule. He is the most of a realist, and the least of an idealist, of any poet we know. He evidently sympathizes with some part at least of Bishop Blougram's apology. Anyhow, this world exists. "There is good wine—there are pretty women—there are comfortable benefices—there is money, and it is pleasant to spend it. Accept the creed of your age, and you get these; reject that creed, and you lose them. And for what do you lose them? For a fancy creed of your own, which no one else will accept, which hardly any one will call a 'creed,' which most people will consider a sort of unbelief." Again, Mr. Browning evidently loves what we may call 'the realism, the grotesque realism, of orthodox Christianity. Many parts of it in which great divines have felt keen difficulties are quite pleasant to him. He must see his religion, he must have an "object-lesson" in believing. He must have a creed that will take, which wins and holds the miscellaneous world, which stout men will heed, which nice women will adore. The spare moments of solitary religion—the "obdurate questionings," the high "instincts," the "first affections," the "shadowy recollections,"

"Which, do they what they may,
Are yet the fountain-light of all our day—
Are yet a master-light of all our seeing:"

the great but vague faith—the unutterable tenets—seem to him worthless, visionary; they are not enough immersed in matter; they move about "in worlds not realized." We wish he could be tried like the prophet once; he would have found God in the earthquake and the storm; he could have deciphered from them a bracing and a rough religion: he would have known that crude men and ignorant women felt them too, and he would accordingly have trusted them; but he would have distrusted and disregarded the "still small voice;" he would have said it was "fancy,"—a thing you thought you heard to-day, but were not sure you had heard to-morrow: he would call it a nice illusion, an immaterial prettiness; he would ask triumphantly "How are you to get the mass of men to heed this little thing?" he would have persevered and insisted "*My wife* does not hear it."

But although a suspicion of beauty and a taste for ugly reality have led Mr. Browning to exaggerate the functions, and to cari-

cature the nature of grotesque art, we own, or rather we maintain, that he has given many excellent specimens of that art within its proper boundaries and limits. Take an example, his picture of what we may call the *bourgeois* nature in *difficulties*,—in the utmost difficulty, in contact with magic and the supernatural. He has made of it something homely, comic, true, reminding us of what *bourgeois* nature really is. By showing us the type under abnormal conditions, he reminds us of the type under its best and most satisfactory conditions:—

"Hamelin Town's in Brunswick,
By famous Hanover city;
The river Weser, deep and wide,
Washes its walls on the southern side;
A pleasanter spot you never spied;
But when begins my ditty,
Almost five hundred years ago,
To see the townfolk suffer so
From vermin, was a pity.

"Rats!

They fought the dogs, and killed the cats,
And bit the babies in the cradles,
And ate the cheeses out of the vats,

And licked the soup from the cook's own
tables,
Split open the kegs of salted sprats,
Made nests inside men's Sunday hats,
And even spoiled the women's chats,
By drowning their speaking
With shrieking and squeaking
In fifty different sharps and flats.

At last the people in a body

To the town hall came flocking:
"Tis clear," cried they, 'our mayor's a
noddy;

And as for corporation—shocking
To think we buy gowns lined with ermine
For dolts who can't or wont determine
What's best to rid us of our vermin!
You hope, because you're old and obese,
To find in the furry civic robe ease?
Rouse up, sirs! Give your brains a racking
To find the remedy we're lacking.
Or, sure as fate, we'll send you packing!
At this the mayor and corporation
Quaked with a mighty consternation."

A person of musical abilities proposes to extricate the civil dignitaries from the difficulty, and they promise him a thousand guilders if he does.

"Into the street the piper stepped
Smiling first a little smile.
As if he knew what magic slept
In his quiet pipe the while;
Then, like a musical adept,
To blow the pipe his lips he wrinkled,
And green and blue his sharp eye twinkled
Like a candle-flame when salt is sprinkled;

And ere three shrill notes the pipe uttered
 You heard as if an army muttered ;
 And the muttering grew to a grumbling ;
 And the grumbling grew to a mighty rumbling :
 And out of the houses the rats came tumbling.
 Great rats, small rats, lean rats, brawny rats,
 Brown rats, black rats, gray rats, tawny rats,
 Grave old plodders, gay young friskers,
 Fathers, mothers, uncles, cousins,
 Cocking tails and pricking whiskers,
 Families by tens and dozens,
 Brothers, sisters, husbands, wives—
 Followed the piper for their lives.
 From street to street he piped advancing,
 And step for step he followed dancing,
 Until they came to the river Weser
 Wherein all plunged and perished !
 Save one who, stout as Julius Cæsar,
 Swam across and lived to carry
 (As he, the manuscript he cherished)
 To Rat-land home his commentary :
 Which was, 'At the first shrill notes of the pipe.
 I heard a sound as of scraping tripe,
 And putting apples, wondrous ripe,
 Into a cider-press's gripe :
 And a-moving away of pickle-tub boards,
 And a-leaving ajar of conserve-cupboards,
 And a-drawing the corks of train-oil flasks,
 And a-breaking the hoops of butter-casks;
 And it seemed as if a voice
 (Sweeter far than by harp or by psaltery
 Is breathed) called out, Oh rats, rejoice !
 The world is grown to one vast drysaltery !
 So, munch on, crunch on, take your nunccheon,
 Breakfast, supper, dinner, luncheon !
 And just as a bulky sugar-puncheon,
 All ready staved, like a great sun shone
 Glorious scarce an inch before me,
 Just as methought it said, Come, bore me !
 —I found the Weser rolling o'er me.'
 You should have heard the Hamelin people
 Ringing the bells till they rocked the steeple.
 'Go,' cried the mayor, 'and get long poles
 Poke out the nests and block up the holes !
 Consult with carpenters and builders,
 And leave in our town not even a trace
 Of the rats !'—when suddenly, up the face
 Of the piper perked in the market-place,
 With a, 'First, if you please, my thousand
 guilders !'
 "A thousand guilders ! The mayor looked blue ;
 So did the corporation too.
 For council dinners made rare havoc
 With Claret, Moselle, Vin-de-Grave, Hock ;
 And half the money would replenish
 Their cellar's biggest butt with Rhenish.
 To pay this sum to a wandering fellow
 With a gypsy coat of red and yellow !
 'Beside,' quoth the mayor with a knowing wink,
 'Our business was done at the river's brink ;
 We saw with our eyes the vermin sink,
 And what's dead can't come to life, I think.
 So, friend, we're not the folks to shrink
 From the duty of giving you something for
 drink,
 And a matter of money to put in your poke ;
 But as for the guilders, what we spoke

Of them, as you very well know, was in joke.
 Beside, our losses have made us thrifty.
 A thousand guilders ! Come, take fifty !
 "The piper's face fell, and he cried,
 'No trifling ! I can't wait, beside !
 I've promised to visit by dinner-time
 Bagdat, and accept the prime
 Of the head-cook's pottage, all he's rich in,
 For having left, in the caliph's kitchen,
 Of a nest of scorpions no survivor—
 With him I proved no bargain-driver,
 With you, don't think I'll take a stiver !
 And folks who put me in a passion
 May find me pipe to another fashion.'
 "'How?' cried the mayor, 'd'ye think I'll
 brook
 Being worse treated than a cook ?
 Insulted by a lazy ribald
 With idle pipe and vesture piebald ?
 You threaten us, fellow ? Do your worst,
 Blow your pipe there till you burst !'
 "Once more he stepped into the street ;
 And to his lips again
 Laid his long pipe of smooth straight cane ;
 And ere he blew three notes (such sweet
 Soft notes as yet musician's cunning
 Never gave the enraptured air)
 There was a rustling, that seemed like a bustling
 Of merry crowds justling at pitching and hustling,
 Small feet were pattering, wooden shoes clatter-
 ing,
 Little hands clapping and little tongues chatter-
 ing,
 And, like fowls in a farmyard when barley is
 scattering,
 Out came the children running.
 All the little boys and girls,
 With rosy cheeks and flaxen curls,
 And sparkling eyes and teeth like pearls,
 Tripping and skipping, ran merrily after
 The wonderful music with shouting and laughter
 And I must not omit to say
 That in Transylvania there's a tribe
 Of alien people that ascribe
 The outlandish ways and dress
 On which their neighbors lay such stress,
 To their fathers and mothers having risen
 Out of some subterranean prison
 Into which they were trepanned
 Long time ago in a mighty band
 Out of Hamelin town in Brunswick land,
 But how or why, they don't understand."

Something more we had to say of Mr.
 Browning, but we must stop. It is singu-
 larly characteristic of this age that the poems
 which rise to the surface should be examples
 of ornate art and grotesque art, not of pure
 art. We live in the realm of the *half* edu-
 cated. The number of readers grows daily,
 but the quality of readers does not improve
 rapidly. The middle class is scattered, head-
 less ; it is well-meaning, but aimless ; wish-

ing to be wise, but ignorant how to be wise. The aristocracy of England never was a literary aristocracy, never even in the days of its full power, of its unquestioned predominance, did it guide—did it even seriously try to guide—the taste of England. Without guidance young men and tired men are thrown amongst a mass of books; they have to choose which they like; many of them would much like to improve their culture, to chasten their taste, if they knew how. But left to themselves they take, not pure art, but showy art; not that which permanently relieves the eye and makes it happy whenever it looks, and as long as it looks, but *glaring* art which catches and arrests the eye for a moment, but which in the end fatigues it. But before the wholesome remedy of nature—the fatigue—arrives, the hasty reader has passed on to some new excitement, which in its turn stimulates for an instant, and then is passed by forever. These conditions are not favorable to the due appreciation of pure art,—of that art which must be known before it is admired,—which must

have fastened irrevocably on the brain before you appreciate it,—which you must love ere it will seem worthy of your love. Women, too, whose voice in literature counts as well as that of men,—and in a light literature counts for more than that of men,—women, such as we know them, such as they are likely to be, ever prefer a delicate unreality to a true or firm art. A dressy literature, an exaggerated literature, seem to be fated to us. These are our curses, as other times had theirs.

“And yet

Think not the living times forget,
Ages of heroes fought and fell,
That Homer in the end might tell;
O'er grovelling generations past
Upstood the Gothic fane at last;
And countless hearts in countless years
Had wasted thoughts and hopes and fears,
Rude laughter and unmeaning tears;
Ere England Shakspeare saw, or Rome
The pure perfection of her dome.
Others I doubt not, if not we,
The issue of our toils shall see;
And (they forgotten and unknown)
Young children gather as their own,—
The harvest that the dead have sown.”

The word “sterling” is one of our historical puzzles. What is it? Whence comes it? Some people (Ruding, to wit) supposed it to have been applied to no other money than English. Bacon and Shakspeare use the word in this sense only: as equivalent to good English money, English money which had passed the test. We now see from Baldwin's note how early the word “sterling” was applied to Flemish money as well as English. It is thought by some that the word may be derived, not from the base Latin form of *sterlingum*, but from *Easterling*, the *Easterlings* being Dutch traders, whose coins were uncommonly pure and of good weight. Our Saxon ancestors were honest coiners; mixing only eighteen pennyweights of alloy in the pound troy of silver, and this good habit they had probably copied from their friends, the Dutch. Ruding, a leading author on the history of money, says the word was everywhere employed on the Continent only to describe English silver coin. We now see that in this large assertion Ruding is wrong. It is not the less certain that in the days of James the First the word was commonly used in this narrower sense by English writers of the first

rank. Bacon and Shakspeare employ the word for this purpose; with them sterling is good money, sterling is true pay; but specifically good English money and true English pay. How it came to be so employed we may easily guess. Two other moneys were then coming into use, almost into circulation, in London,—moneys of indifferently pure and of uncertain weight. These were Spanish dollars and Scots pounds. The first were articles of trade; as the India merchants could pass no other pieces beyond Egypt and the Red Sea than the Spanish dollar, the Malabar and Coromandel trades knowing no other western coin. The Scotch pound may have come in the pockets of those who preceded and followed James from Edinburgh; at all events, it was known, and not liked, at the tavern bar and the shop counter. It was a very different thing from the real pound, the English pound; and it would be likely enough in these circumstances that the word “sterling,” which had long described pure money of true weight, should be used to describe that coin, and that only, which was pure and of true weight.—*Athenæum*.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE GOWANBRAE BALL.

"Your honor's pardon,
I'd rather have my wounds to heal again
Than hear say how I got them."

—CORIOLANUS.

"Yes, I go the week after next."

"So soon? I thought you were to stay for our ball."

"Till this time next year? No, no, I can't quite do that, thank you."

"This very winter."

"Oh, no, no such thing! Why, half the beauty and fashion of the neighborhood is not come into winter quarters yet. Besides, the very essence of a military ball is that it should be a parting—the brightest and the last. Good-morning."

And Meg's head, nothing loath, was turned away from the wide view of the broad vale of the Avon, with the Avonchester cathedral towers in the midst, and the moors rising beyond in purple distance. The two young lieutenants could only wave their farewells, as Bessie cantered merrily over the soft smooth turf of the race-course, in company with Lord Keith, the colonel, and Conrade.

"Do you not like dancing?" inquired Lord Keith, when the canter was over, and they were splashing through a lane with high hedges.

"I'm not so unnatural," returned Bessie, with a merry smile; "but it would never do to let the —th give one now. Alick has been telling me the expense would fall seriously on a good many of them."

"True," said Colonel Keith; "too many *fêtes* come to be a heavy tax."

"That is more consideration than is common in so young a lad," added Lord Keith.

"Yes, but dear Alick is so full of consideration," said the sister, eagerly. "He does not get half the credit for it that he deserves, because, you know, he is so quiet and reserved, and has that unlucky ironical way with him that people don't like, especially rattlepates like those," pointing with her whip in the direction of the two young officers.

"It is a pity," said the colonel, "it lessens his influence. And it is strange I never perceived it before his return to England."

"Oh! there's much owing to the habitual languor of that long illness. That satirical

mumble is the only trouble he will take to lift up his testimony, except when a thing is most decidedly his duty, and then he does it as England expects."

"And he considered it his duty to make you decline this ball?" said Lord Keith.

"Oh, not his more than mine," said Bessie. "I don't forget that I am the colonel's daughter."

No more was said on that occasion, but three days after cards were going about the county with invitations from Lord Keith to an evening party, with "Dancing." Lord Keith averred, with the full concurrence of his brother, that he owed many civilities to the ladies of the neighborhood, and it was a good time to return them when he could gratify the young kinswoman who had shown such generous forbearance about the regimental ball. It was no unfavorable moment either, when he had his brother to help him; for the ordering of balls had been so much a part of Colin's staff duties, that it came quite naturally to him, especially with Coombe within reach to assist. There was some question whether the place should be the public rooms or Gowanbrae, but Bessie's vote decided on the latter, in consideration of the colonel's chest. She was rather shocked, while very grateful, at the consequences of the little conversation on the hill-top, but she threw herself into all the counsels with bright, ardent pleasure, though carefully refraining from any presumption that she was queen of the evening.

Lady Temple received an invitation, but never for one moment thought of going, or even supposed that any one could imagine she could. Indeed, if she had accepted it, it would have been a decisive encouragement to her ancient suitor, and Colin saw that he regarded her refusal, in its broad black edges, as a further clinching of the reply to his addresses.

Bessie was to be chaperoned by Mrs. Curtis. As to Rachel, she had resolved against youthful gayeties for this winter and all others, but she felt that to show any reluctance to accept the Keith invitation might be a contradiction to her indifference to the colonel, and so construed by her mother, Grace, and Bessie. So all she held out for was, that, as she had no money to spend upon adornments, her blue silk dinner dress and her birthday wreath should and must do duty;

and as to her mother's giving her finery, she was far too impressive and decided for Mrs. Curtis to venture upon such presumption. She was willing to walk through her part for an evening, and indeed the county was pretty well accustomed to Miss Rachel Curtis's ball-room ways, and took them as a matter of course.

Gowanbrae had two drawing-rooms with folding-doors between, quite practicable for dancing, and the further one ending in a conservatory that likewise extended along the end of the entrance hall and dining-room. The small library, where Colonel Keith usually sat, became the cloak-room, and contained, when Mrs. Curtis and her daughters arrived, so large a number of bright cashmere cloaklets, scarlet, white, and blue, that they began to sigh prospectively at the crowd which Mrs. Curtis would have encountered with such joyful valor save for that confidence on the way home from the book club.

They were little prepared for the resources of a practised staff-officer. Never had a ball even to them looked so well arranged, or in such thorough style, as a little dexterous arrangement of flowers, lights, and sofas had rendered those two rooms. The two hosts worked extremely well. Lord Keith had shaken off much of his careless stoop and air of age, and there was something in his old world polish and his Scotch accent that gave a sort of romance to the manner of his reception. His brother, with his fine brow and thoughtful eyes, certainly appeared to Rachel rather thrown away as master of the ceremonies; but whatever he did, he always did in the quietest and best way; and receptions had been a part of his vocation, so that he infused a wonderful sense of ease, and supplied a certain oil of good breeding, that made everything move suavely. Young ladies in white, and mothers in all the colors of the rainbow, were there in plenty, and, by Bessie's special command, the scene was enlivened by the Highland uniform, with the graceful tartan scarf fastened across the shoulder with the Bruce brooch.

Rachel had not been long in the room before she was seized on by Emily Gray, an enthusiastic young lady of the St. Norbert's neighborhood, whom she met seldom, but was supposed to know intimately.

"And they say you have the hero here,—the Victoria Cross man,—and that you know him. You must show him to me, and get me introduced."

"There is no Victoria Cross man here," said Rachel, coldly. "Colonel Keith did not have one."

"Oh, no, I don't mean Colonel Keith, but Captain Alexander Keith, quite a young man. Oh, I am sure you remember the story—you were quite wild about it—of his carrying the lighted shell out of the hospital tent; and they told me he was always over here, and his sister staying with Lady Temple."

"I know Captain Alexander Keith," said Rachel, slowly; "but you must be mistaken; I am certain I should know if he had a Victoria Cross."

"It is very odd; Charlie told me it was the same," said Miss Gray, who, like all others, was forced to bend to Rachel's decisive manner.

"Scottish names are very common," said Rachel, and at that moment a partner came and carried Emily off.

But as Rachel stood still, an odd misgiving seized her, a certain doubt whether upon the tall, lazy figure that was leaning against a wall nearly opposite to her, talking to another officer, she did not see something suspiciously bronze and eight-pointed that all did not wear. There was clearly a medal, though with fewer clasps than some owned; but what else was there? She thought of the lecture on heroism she had given to him, and felt hot all over. Behold, he was skirting the line of chaperons, and making his way toward their party. The thing grew more visible, and she felt more disconcerted than ever had been her lot before; but escape there was none; here he was shaking hands.

"You don't polk?" he said to her. "In fact, you regard all this as a delusion of weak minds. Then will you come and have some tea?"

Rachel took his arm, still bewildered, and when standing before him with the tea-cup in her hand, she interrupted something he was saying, she knew not what, with, "That is not the Victoria Cross?"

"Then it is, like all the rest, a delusion," he answered, in his usual impassive manner.

"And gained," she continued, "by saving the lives of all those officers,—the very thing I told you about!"

"You told me that man was killed."

"Then it was not you?"

"Perhaps they picked up the pieces of the wrong one."

"But if you would only tell me how you gained it."

"By the pursuit of conchology."

"Then it was yourself?" again said Rachel, in her confusion.

"If I be I, as I suppose I be," he replied, giving her his arm again, and as they turned towards the conservatory, adding, "Many such things have happened, and I did not know whether you meant this."

"That was the reason you made so light of it."

"What, because I thought it was somebody else?"

"No, the contrary reason; but I cannot understand why you let me go on without telling me."

"I never interfere when a story is so perfect in itself."

"But is my story perfect in itself?" said Rachel, "or is it the contrary?"

"No one knows less of the particulars than I do," he answered. "I think your version was that it was an hospital tent that the shell came into. It was not that, but a bungalow, which was supposed to be out of range. It stood on a bit of a slope, and I thought I should have been able to kick the shell down before it had time to do mischief."

"But you picked it up, and took it to the door—I mean, did you?" said Rachel, who was beginning to discover that she must ask Alick Keith a direct question, if she wished to get an answer, and she received a gesture of assent.

"I was very blind," she said, humbly, "and now I have gone and insisted to poor Emily Grey that you never did any such thing."

"Thank you," he said; "it was the greatest kindness you could do me."

"Ah! your sister said you had the greatest dislike to hero worship."

"A natural sense of humbug," he said. "I don't know why they gave me this," he added, touching his cross, "unless it was that one of the party in the bungalow had a

turn for glorifying whatever happened to himself. Plenty of more really gallant things happened every day, and were never heard of; and I, who absolutely saw next to nothing of the campaign, have little right to be decorated."

"Ah!" said Rachel, thoughtfully, "I have always wondered whether one would indeed be happier for having accomplished an act of heroism."

"I do not know," said Alick, thoughtfully; then, as Rachel looked up with a smile of amazement, "Oh, you mean this; but it was mere self-preservation. I could hardly even have bolted, for I was laid up with fever, and was very shaky on my legs."

"I suppose, however," said Rachel, "that the vision of one's life in entering the army would be to win that sort of distinction, and so young."

"Win it as *some* have done," said Alick, "and deserve what is far better worth than distinction. That may be the dream, but, after all, it is the discipline and constant duty that make the soldier, and are far more really valuable than exceptional doings."

"People must always be ready for them, though," said Rachel.

"And they are," said Alick, with grave exultation in his tone.

Then, after a pause, she led back the conversation to its personal character, by saying, "Do you mean that the reception of this cross was no gratification to you?"

"No, I am not so absurd," he replied; but he added, sadly, "That was damped quite otherwise. The news that I was named for it came almost in the same breath with that of my father's death, and he had not heard I was to receive it."

"Ah! I can understand."

"And you can see how intolerable was the fuss my good relations made with me just when the loss was fresh on me, and with it that of my two chief friends, among my brother-officers, fellows beside whom I was nobody, and there was my uncle's blindness getting confirmed. Was not that enough to sicken one with being stuck up for a lion, and constantly poked up by the showwoman, under pretext of keeping up one's spirits?"

"And you were—I mean were you—too ill to escape?"

"I was less able to help myself than Miss Williams is. There had been a general

smash of all the locomotive machinery on this side, and the unfortunate beast could do nothing but growl at his visitors."

"Should you growl very much if I introduced you to Emily Gray? You see it is a matter of justice and truth to tell her now, after having contradicted her so flatly. I will wait to let you get out of the way first if you like, but I think that would be unkind to her: and if you ever do dance, I wish you would dance with her."

"With all my heart," he answered.

"Oh, thank you," said Rachel, warmly.

He observed with some amusement Rachel's utter absence of small dexterities, and of even the effort to avoid the humiliation of a confession of her error. Miss Gray and a boy partner had wandered into the conservatory, and were rather dismally trying to seem occupied with the camellias when Rachel made her way to them, and though he could not actually hear the words, he knew pretty well what they were. "Emily, you were right after all, and I was mistaken;" and then as he drew near, "Miss Grey, Captain Keith wishes to be introduced to you."

It had been a great shock to Rachel's infallibility, and as she slowly began working her way in search of her mother, after observing the felicity of Emily's bright eyes, she fell into a musing on the advantages of early youth in its indiscriminating powers of enthusiasm for anything distinguished for anything, and that sense of self-exaltation in any sort of contact with a person who had been publicly spoken of. "There is genuine heroism in him," thought Rachel, "but it is just in what Emily would never appreciate,—it is in the feeling that he could not help doing as he did, the half-grudging his reward to himself because other deeds have passed unspoken. I wonder whether his ironical humor would allow him to see that Mr. Mau-leverer is as veritable a hero in yielding hopes of consideration, prospects, honors, to his sense of truth and uprightness. If he would only look with an unprejudiced eye, I know he would be candid."

"Are you looking for Mrs. Curtis?" said Colonel Keith. "I think she is in the other room."

"Not particularly, thank you," said Rachel, and she was surprised to find how glad she was to look up freely at him.

"Would it be contrary to your principles or practice to dance with me?"

"To my practice," she said, smilingly, "so let us find my mother. Is Miss Alison Williams here? I never heard whether it was settled that she should come," she added, resolved both to show him her knowledge of his situation, and to let her mother see her at her ease with him.

"No, she was obstinate, though her sister and I did our utmost to persuade her, and the boys were crazy to make her go."

"I can't understand your wishing it."

"Not as an experience of life? Alison never went to anything in her girlhood, but devoted herself solely to her sister, and it would be pleasant to see her begin her youth."

"Not as a mere young lady!" exclaimed Rachel.

"That is happily not possible."

An answer that somewhat puzzled Rachel, whose regard for him was likely to be a good deal dependent upon his contentment with Alison's station in life.

"I must say young ladyhood looks to the greatest advantage there," Rachel could not help exclaiming, as at that moment Elizabeth Keith smiled at them, as she floated past, her airy white draperies looped with scarlet ribbons; her dark hair turned back and fastened by a snood of the same, an eagle's feather clasped in it by a large emerald, a memory of her father's last siege,—that of Lucknow.

"She is a very pretty creature," said the colonel, under the sparkle of her bright eyes.

"I never saw any one make the pursuits of young ladyhood have so much spirit and meaning," added Rachel. "Here, you see, she has managed to make herself sufficiently like other people, yet full of individual character and meaning."

"That is the theory of dress, I suppose," said the colonel.

"If one chooses to cultivate it."

"Did you ever see Lady Temple in full dress?"

"No; we were not out when we parted as girls."

"Then you have had a loss. I think it was at our last Melbourne ball, that when she went to the nursery to wish the children good-night, one of them—Hubert, I believe

—told her to wear that dress when she went to heaven; and dear old Sir Stephen was so delighted that he went straight up-stairs to kiss the boy for it."

"Was that Lady Temple?" said Alick Keith, who, having found Miss Grey engaged many deep, joined them again, and at his words came back a thrill of Rachel's old fear and doubt as to the possible future.

"Yes," said the colonel; "I was recollecting the gracious vision she used to be at all our chief's parties."

"Vision, you call her, who lived in the house with her? What do you think she was to us—poor wretches—coming up from barracks where Mrs. O'Shaughnessy was our cynosure? There was not one of us to whom she was not Queen of the East, and more, with that innocent, soft, helpless dignity of hers!"

"And Sir Stephen for the first of her vasals," said the colonel.

"What a change it has been!" said Alick.

"Yes, but a change that has shown her to have been unspoilable. We were just agreeing on the ball-room perfections of her and your sister in their several lines."

"Very different lines," said Alick, smiling.

"I can't judge of Fanny's," said Rachel; "but your sister is almost enough to make one believe there can be some soul in young lady life."

"I did not bring Bessie here to convert you," was the somewhat perplexing answer.

"Nor has she," said Rachel, "except so far as I see that she can follow ordinary girls' pursuits without being frivolous in them."

Alick bowed at the compliment.

"And she has been a sunbeam," added Rachel; "we shall all feel graver and cloudier without her."

"Yes," said Colonel Keith, "and I am glad Mr. Clare has such a sunbeam for his parsonage. What a blessing she will be there!" he added, as he watched Bessie's graceful way of explaining to his brother some little matter in behalf of the shy mother of a shy girl. Thinking he might be wanted, Colonel Keith went forward to assist, and Rachel continued, "I do envy that power of saying the right thing to everybody!"

"Don't—it is the greatest snare," was his answer, much amazing her; for she had had

her mind full of the two direct personal blunders she had made towards him.

"It prevents many difficulties and embarrassments."

"Very desirable things."

"Yes; for those that like to laugh, but not for those that are laughed at," said Rachel.

"More so; the worst of all misfortunes is to wriggle too smoothly through life."

This was to Rachel the most remarkable part of the evening; as to the rest, it was like all other balls, a weariness: Grace enjoying herself and her universal popularity, always either talking or dancing, and her mother comfortable and dutiful among other mothers; the brilliant figure and ready grace of Bessie Keith being the one vision that perpetually flitted in her dreams, and the one ever-recurring recollection that Captain Keith, the veritable hero of the shell, had been lectured by her on his own deed! In effect Rachel had never felt so beaten down and ashamed of herself; so doubtful of her own most positive convictions, and yet not utterly dissatisfied, and the worst of it was that Emily Grey was after all carried off without dancing with the hero; and Rachel felt as if her own opinionativeness had defrauded the poor girl.

Other balls sent her home in a state of weariness, disgust, and contempt towards every one, but this one had resulted in displeasure with herself, yet in much interest and excitement, and, oh, passing strange! through that same frivolous military society.

Indeed, the military society was soon in better odor with her than the clerical. She had been making strenuous efforts to get to St. Norbert's, with Mr. Mitchell, for some time past, but the road was in a state of repair, and the coachman was determined against taking his horses there. As to going by train, that was equally impossible, since he would still less have driven her to the station. Finally, Rachel took the resolute step of borrowing Fanny's pony-carriage, and driving herself and the clergyman to the station, where she was met by Mrs. Morris, the mother of one of the girls, to whom she had promised such a visit, as it had been agreed that it would be wisest not to unsettle the scholars by Christmas holidays.

The F. U. E. E. was in perfect order; the

little girls sat upon a bench with their copies before them; Mrs. Rawlins in the whitest of caps presided over them, and Mr. Mauleverer was very urbane, conducting the visitors over the house himself, and expatiating on his views of cleanliness, ventilation, refinement, and equality of cultivation, while Mrs. Rawlins remained to entertain Mrs. Morris. Nothing could be more practical and satisfactory, some admirable drawings of the children's were exhibited, and their conduct was said to be excellent, except, Mr. Mauleverer remarked unwillingly, that there was a tendency about little Mary to fancy herself injured, and he feared that she was not always truthful, but these were childish faults, that he hoped would pass away with further refinement, and removal from the lower influences of her home.

After this, Rachel was not surprised that poor, ignorant, and always deplorable Mrs. Morris did not seem in raptures with the state of her child, but more inclined to lament not having seen more of her, and not having her at home. That was quite in accordance with peasant short-sightedness and ingratitude, but it was much more disappointing that Mr. Mitchell said little or nothing of approbation; asked her a few questions about her previous knowledge of Mr. Mauleverer and Mrs. Rawlins, and when she began to talk of arranging for some one or two of his London orphans, thanked her rather shortly, but said there was no way of managing it. It was evident that he was quite as prejudiced as others of his clerical brethren, and the more Rachel read of current literature, the more she became convinced of their bondage to views into which they durst not examine, for fear honesty should compel them to assert their conclusions.

She had hoped better things from the stranger, but she began to be persuaded that all her former concessions to the principles infused in her early days were vain entanglements, and that it was merely weakness and unwillingness to pain her mother that prevented her from breaking through them.

She could not talk this out with anybody, except now and then an utterance to the consenting Mr. Mauleverer, but in general she would have been shocked to put these surging thoughts into words; and Bessie was her only intimate who would avow that there could be anything to be found fault with

in a clergyman. When alone together, Bessie would sometimes regretfully, sometimes in a tone of amusement, go over bits of narrow-minded folly that had struck her in the clergy, and more especially in her uncle's curate, Mr. Lifford, whose dryness was, she owned, very repulsive to her.

"He is a good creature," she said, "and most necessary to my uncle, but how he and I are to get through life together, I cannot tell. It must soon be tried though! After my visit at Bath will come my home at Bishopsworthy!" And then she confided to Rachel all the parish ways, and took council on the means of usefulness that would not clash with the curate and pain her uncle. She even talked of a possible orphan for the F. U. E. E., only that unlucky prejudice against Mr. Mauleverer was sure to stand in the way.

So acceptable had Bessie Keith made herself everywhere, that all Avonmouth was grieved at her engagement to spend the winter at Bath with her married cousin, to whom she was imperatively necessary in the getting up of a musical party.

"And I must go some time or other," she said to Colonel Keith, "so it had better be when you are all here to make Myrtlewood cheerful, and I can be of most use to poor Jane! I do think dear Lady Temple is much more full of life and brightness now!"

Everybody seemed to consider Bessie's departure as their own personal loss: the boys were in despair for their playfellow; Ermine would miss those sunny visits; Colonel Keith many a pleasant discussion, replete with delicate compliments to Ermine, veiled by tact; and Lord Keith, the pretty young clanswoman, who had kept up a graceful little coquetry with him, and even to the last evening, went on walking on the esplanade with him in the sunset, so as to set his brother free to avoid the evening chill.

And, above all, Lady Temple regretted the loss of the cheery companion of her evenings.

True, Bessie had lately had a good many small evening gayeties, but she always came back from them so fresh and bright, and so full of entertaining description and anecdote, that Fanny felt as if she had been there herself, and, said Bessie, "It was much better for her than staying at home with her, and bringing in no novelty."

"Pray come to me again, dearest! Your

stay has been the greatest treat. It is very kind in you to be so good to me."

"It is you who are good to me, dearest Lady Temple."

"I am afraid I shall hardly get you again. Your poor uncle will never be able to part with you, so I won't ask you to promise; but if ever you can."—

"If ever I can! This has been a very happy time, dear Lady Temple;" a confidence seemed trembling on her lips, but she suppressed it. "I shall always think of you as the kindest friend a motherless girl ever had! I will write to you from Bath. Good-by."

And there were all the boys in a row, little affectionate Hubert absolutely tearful, and Conrade holding up a bouquet, on which he had spent all his money, having persuaded Coombe to ride with him to the nursery garden at Avonchester to procure it. He looked absolutely shy and blushing when Bessie kissed him and promised to dry the leaves and keep them forever.

CHAPTER XV. GO AND ERAY

"Come, come, elder brother, you are too young in this!"—AS YOU LIKE IT.

"ALICK, I have something to say to you."

Captain Keith did not choose to let his sister travel alone, when he could help it, and therefore was going to Bath with her, intending to return to Avonchester by the next down train. He made no secret that he thought it a great deal of trouble, and had been for some time asleep, when, at about two stations from Bath, Bessie, having shut the little door in the middle of the carriage, thus addressed him, "Alick, I have something to say to you, and I suppose I may as well say it now."

She pressed upon his knee, and with an affected laziness, he drew his eyes wide open.

"Ah, well, I've been a sore plague to you, but I shall be off your hands now."

"Eh! whose head have you been turning?"

"Alick, what do you think of Lord Keith?"

Alick was awake enough now. "The old ass!" he exclaimed. "But at least you are out of his way now."

"Not at all. He is coming to Bath to-morrow to see my aunt."

"And you want me to go out to-morrow and stop him."

"No, Alick, not exactly. I have been cast about the world too long not to be thankful."

"Elizabeth!"

"Do not look so very much surprised," she said, in her sweet, pleading way. "May I not be supposed able to feel that noble kindness and gracious manner, and be glad to have some one to look up to?"

"And how about Charlie Carleton?" demanded Alick, turning round full on her.

"For shame, Alick!" she exclaimed, hotly; "you who were the one to persecute me about him, and tell me all sorts of things about his being shallow and unprincipled, and not to be thought of, you to bring him up against me now!"

"I might think all you allege," returned Alick, gravely, "and yet be much amazed at the new project."

Bessie laughed. "In fact, you made a little romance, in which you acted the part of sapient brother, and the poor little sister broke her heart ever after! You wanted such an entertainment when you were lying on the sofa, so you created a heroine and a villain, and thundered down to the rescue."

"Very pretty, Bessie, but it will not do. It was long after I was well again, and had joined."

"Then it was the well-considered effect of the musings of your convalescence! When you have a sister to take care of, it is as well to feel that you *are* doing it."

"Now, Elizabeth," said her brother, with seriousness not to be laughed aside, and laying his hand on hers, "before I hear another word on this matter, look me in the face and tell me deliberately that you never cared for Carleton."

"I never thought for one moment of marrying him," said Bessie, haughtily. "If I ever had any sort of mercy on him, it was all to tease you. There, are you satisfied?"

"I must be, I suppose," he replied, and he sighed heavily. "When was this settled?"

"Yesterday, walking up and down the esplanade. He will tell his brother to-day, and I shall write to Lady Temple. Oh, Alick, he is so kind, he spoke so highly of you."

"I must say," returned Alick, in the same grave tone, "that if you wished for the care of an old man, I should have thought my uncle the more agreeable of the two."

"He is little past fifty. You are very hard on him."

"On the contrary, I am sorry for him. You will always find it good for him to do whatever suits yourself."

"Alick!" said his sister, mournfully, "you have never forgotten or forgiven my girlish bits of neglect after your wound."

"No, Bessie," he said, holding her hand kindly, "it is not the neglect or the girlishness, but the excuses to me, still more to my uncle, and most of all to yourself. They are what make me afraid for you in what you are going to take upon yourself."

She did not answer immediately, and he pursued,—

"Are you driven to this by dislike to living at Bishopsworthy? If so, do not be afraid to tell me. I will make any arrangement, if you would prefer living with Jane. We agreed once that it would be too expensive, but now I could let you have another hundred a year."

"As if I would allow that, Alick! No, indeed! Lord Keith means you to have all my share."

"Does he? There are more words than one to that question. And pray is he going to provide properly for his poor daughter in the West Indies?"

"I hope to induce him to take her into favor."

"Eh! and to make him give up to Colin Keith that Auchinvar estate that he ought to have had when Archie Keith died?"

"You may be sure I shall do my best for the colonel. Indeed, I do think he will consent to the marriage now."

"You have sacrificed yourself on that account?" he said, with irony in his tone that he could have repented the next moment, so good-humored was her reply, "That is understood, so give me the merit."

"The merit of, for his sake, becoming a grandmother. You have thought of the daughters? Mrs. Comyn Menteith must be older than yourself."

"Three years," said Bessie, in his own tone of acceptance of startling facts, "and I shall have seven grandchildren in all; so you see you must respect me."

"Do you know her sentiments?"

"I know what they will be when we have met. Never fear, Alick. If she were not

married, it might be serious; being so, I have no fears."

Then came a silence, till a halt at the last station before Bath roused Alick again.

"Bessie," he said, in the low voice the stoppage permitted, "don't think me unkind. I believe you have waited on purpose to leave me no time for expostulation, and what I have said has sounded the more harsh in consequence."

"No, Alick," she said, "you are a kind brother in all but the constructions you put upon my doings. I think it would be better if there were more difference between our ages. You are a young guardian, over anxious, and often morbidly fanciful about me during your illness. I think we shall be happier together when you no longer feel yourself responsible."

"The tables turned," muttered Alick.

"I am prepared for misconstructions," added Bessie. "I know it will be supposed to be the title; the estate it cannot be, for you know how poor a property it is; but I do not mean to care for the world. Your opinion is a different thing, and I thought you would have seen that I could not be insensible to such dignified kindness, and the warmth of a nature that many people think cold."

"I don't like set speeches, Bessie."

"Then believe me, Alick. May I not love the fine old man that has been so kind to me?"

"I hope you do," said Alick, slowly.

"And you can't believe it? Not with Lady Temple before you; and hers was *really* an old man."

"Do not talk of her or Sir Stephen either. No, Bessie," he added, more calmly after a time, "I may be doing great injustice to you both, but I must speak what it is my duty to say. Lord Keith is a hard, self-seeking man, who has been harsh and grasping toward his family, and I verily believe came here bent on marriage, only because his brother was no longer under his tyranny. He may not be harsh to you, because he is past his vigor, and if he really loves you, you have a power of governing; but from what I know of you, I cannot believe in your loving him enough to make such management much better than selfish manœuvring. Therefore I cannot think this marriage for your real welfare, or

be other than bitterly grieved at it. Do not answer, Bessie, but think this over, and if at any time this evening you feel the least doubt of your happiness in this matter, telegraph to me, and I will stop him."

"Indeed, Alick," she answered, without anger, "I believe you are very anxious for my good."

It will readily be believed that Captain Keith received no telegram.

Nevertheless, as soon as his time was his own the next morning, he rode to Avonmouth and sought out the colonel, not perhaps with very defined hopes of making any change in his sister's intentions, but feeling that some attempt on his own part must be made, if only to free himself from acquiescence, and that Colin, as late guardian to the one party, and brother to the other, was the most proper medium.

Colonel Keith was taken by surprise at the manner in which his cordial greeting was met. He himself had been far from displeased at his brother's communication; it was a great relief to him personally, as well as on Lady Temple's account, and he had been much charmed at Bessie's good sense and engaging graces. As to disparity of years, Lord Keith had really made himself much younger of late, and there was much to excite a girl's romance in the courtesy of an elderly man, the chief of her clan; moreover, the perfect affection and happiness Colin had been used to witness in his general's family disposed him to make light of that objection: and he perceived that his brother was sufficiently bewitched to be likely to be kind and indulgent to his bride.

He had not expected Alexander Keith to be as well pleased as he was himself, but he was not prepared for his strong disapprobation, and earnest desire to find some means of prevention, and he began to reassure him as to the placability of Mrs. Comyn Menteith, the daughter, as well as his brother's kindness to the objects of his real affection.

"Oh, I am not afraid of that. She will manage him fast enough."

"Very likely, and for his good. Nor need you question his being a safe guide for her in higher matters. Perhaps you are prejudiced against him because his relations with me have not been happy, but, candidly, in them you know the worst of him; and no doubt he thought himself purely acting for my wel-

fare. I know much more of him now that I have been at home with him, and I was greatly struck with his real consideration for the good of all concerned with him."

"No, I am not thinking of Lord Keith. To speak it out, I cannot believe that my sister has heart enough in this to justify her."

"Young girls often are more attracted by elderly men than by lads."

"You do not know Bessie as, I am sorry to say, I do," said Alick, speaking slowly and sadly, and with a flush of shame on his cheek. "I do not say that she says anything untrue, but the truth is not in her. She is one of those selfish people who are infinitely better liked than those five hundred times their worth, because they take care to be always pleased."

"They give as much pleasure as they take."

"Yes, they take every one in. I wish to my heart I could be taken in, too, but I have seen too much of her avoidance of every service to my uncle that she did not like. I verily believe, at this moment, that one great inducement with her is to elude the care of him."

"Stern judgments, Alick. I know you would not speak thus without warrant; but take it into account that marriage makes many a girl's selfishness dual, and at last drowns the self."

"Yes, when it is a marriage of affection. But the truth must be told, colonel. There was a trumpery idle fellow always loitering at Littleworthy, and playing éroquet. I set my face against it with all my might, and she always laughed to scorn the notion that there was anything in it, nor do I believe that she has heart enough to wish to marry him. I could almost say I wish she had, but I never saw her show the same pleasure in any one's attentions, and I believe he is gone out to Rio in hopes of earning means to justify his addresses."

Colonel Keith sat gravely considering what he knew would not be spoken lightly. "Do you mean that there was attachment enough to make it desirable that you should tell my brother?"

"No, I could say nothing that she could not instantly contradict with perfect truth, though not with perfect sincerity."

"Let me ask you one question, Alick—

not a flattering one. May not some of these private impressions of yours have been colored by your long illness?"

"That is what Bessie gives every one to understand," said Alick, calmly. "She is right, to a certain degree, that suffering sharpened my perceptions, and helplessness gave me time to draw conclusions. If I had been well, I might have been as much enchanted as other people; and if my uncle had not needed her care, and been neglected, I could have thought that I was rendered exacting by illness. But I imagine all I have said is not of the slightest use; only, if you think it right to tell your brother to talk to me, I would rather stand all the vituperation that would fall on me than allow this to take place."

Colonel Keith walked up and down the room considering, whilst Alick sat in a dejected attitude, shading his face, and not uttering how very bitter it had been to him to make the accusation, nor how dear the sister really was.

"I see no purpose that would be answered," said Colonel Keith, coming to a pause at last; "you have nothing tangible to mention, even as to the former affair that you suspect. I see a great deal in your view of her to make you uneasy, but nothing that would be capable of explanation, above all to such a man as my brother. It would appear like mere malevolence."

"Never mind what it would appear," said Alick, who was evidently in such a ferment as his usually passive demeanor would have seemed incapable of.

"If the appearance would entirely baffle the purpose, it *must* be considered," said the colonel; "and in this case it could only lead to estrangement, which would be a lasting evil. I conclude that you have remonstrated with your sister."

"As much as she gave me time for; but of course that is breath spent in vain."

"Your uncle had the same means of judging as yourself."

"No, colonel, he could do nothing! In

the first place, there can be no correspondence with him; and next, he is so devotedly fond of Bessie that he would no more believe anything against her than Lady Temple would. I have tried that more than once."

"Then, Alick, there is nothing for it but to let it take its course; and even upon your own view, your sister will be much safer married than single."

"I had very little expectation of your saying anything else, but in common honesty I felt bound to let you know."

"And now the best thing to be done is to forget all you have said."

"Which you will do the more easily as you think it an amiable delusion of mine. Well, so much the better. I dare say you will never think otherwise, and I would willingly believe that my senses went after my fingers' ends."

The colonel almost believed so himself. He was aware of the miserably sensitive condition of shattered nerve in which Alick had been sent home, and of the depression of spirits that had ensued on the news of his father's death; and he thought it extremely probable that his weary hours and solicitude for his gay young sister might have made mole-hills into mountains, and that these now weighed on his memory and conscience. At least, this seemed the only way of accounting for an impression so contrary to that which Bessie Keith made on every one else, and, by his own avowal, on the uncle whom he so much revered. Every other voice proclaimed her winning, amiable, obliging, considerate, and devoted to the service of her friends, with much drollery and shrewdness of perception, tempered by kindness of heart and unwillingness to give pain; and on that sore point of residence with the blind uncle, it was quite possibly a bit of Alick's exaggerated feeling to imagine the arrangement so desirable—the young lady might be the better judge.

On the whole, the expostulation left Colonel Keith more uncomfortable on Alick's account than on that of his brother.

VERY CONSOLING.—When Charles Mathews was in Italy, he was told that a person, who was generally disliked, was supposed to have caught

the small-pox. "Ah! that's bad," replied Charles; "however, if so, he has one consolation,—he is sure to be *pified*."

From Good Words.

MALACHI'S COVE.

ON the northern coast of Cornwall, between Tintagel and Bossiney, down on the very margin of the sea, there lived not long since an old man who got his living by saving sea-weed from the waves, and selling it for manure. The cliffs there are bold and fine, and the sea beats in upon them from the north with a grand violence. I doubt whether it be not the finest morsel of cliff scenery in England, though it is beaten by many portions of the west coast of Ireland, and, perhaps, also, by spots in Wales and Scotland. Cliffs should be nearly precipitous, they should be broken in their outlines, and should barely admit here and there of an insecure passage from their summit to the sand at their feet. The sea should come, if not up to them, at least, very near to them, and then, above all things, the water below them should be blue, and not of that dead leaden color which is so familiar to us in England. At Tintagel all these requisites are there, except that bright blue color which is so lovely. But the cliffs themselves are bold and well broken, and the margin of sand at high water is very narrow,—so narrow that at spring tides there is barely a footing there.

But close upon this margin was the cottage or hovel of Malachi Trenglos, the old man of whom I have spoken. But Malachi, or old Glos as he was commonly called by the people around him, had not built his house absolutely upon the sand. There was a fissure in the rock so great that at the top it formed a narrow ravine, and so complete from the summit to the base that it afforded an opening for a steep and rugged track from the top of the rock to the bottom. This fissure was so wide at the bottom that it had afforded space for Trenglos to fix his habitation on a foundation of rock, and here he had lived for many years. It was told of him that in the early days of his trade he had always carried the weed in a basket on his back to the top, but latterly he had been possessed of a donkey which had been trained to go up and down the steep track with a single pannier over his loins, for the rocks would not admit of panniers hanging by his side; and for this assistant he had built a shed adjoining his own, and almost as large as that in which he himself resided.

But as years went on, old Glos procured

other assistance than that of the donkey; or, as I should rather say, Providence supplied him with other help; and, indeed, had it not been so, the old man must have given up his cabin and his independence and gone into the workhouse at Camelford; for rheumatism had afflicted him, old age had bowed him till he was nearly double, and by degrees he became unable to attend the donkey on its upward passage to the world above, or even to assist in rescuing the coveted weed from the waves. At the time to which our story refers, Trenglos had not been up the cliff for twelve months, and for the last six months he had done nothing towards the furtherance of his trade, except to take the money and keep it, if any of it was kept, and occasionally to shake down a bundle of fodder for the donkey. The real work of the business was done altogether by Mahala Trenglos, his granddaughter. Mally Trenglos was known to all the farmers round the coast, and to all the small tradespeople in Camelford. She was a wild-looking, almost unearthly creature, with wild flowing, black, uncombed hair, small in stature, with small hands and bright black eyes; but people said that she was very strong, and the children around declared that she worked day and night and knew nothing of fatigue. As to her age there were many doubts. Some said she was ten, and others five-and-twenty, but the reader may be allowed to know that at this time she had in truth passed her twentieth birthday. The old people spoke well of Mally, because she was so good to her grandfather, and it was said of her that though she carried to him a little gin and tobacco almost daily, she bought nothing for herself; and as to the gin, no one who looked at her would accuse her of meddling with that. But she had no friends and but few acquaintances among people of her own age. They said that she was fierce and ill-natured, that she had not a good word for any one, and that she was, complete at all points, a thorough little vixen. The young men did not care for her, for, as regarded dress, all days were alike with her. She never made herself smart on Sundays. She was generally without stockings, and seemed to care not at all to exercise any of those feminine attractions which might have been hers, had she studied to attain them. All days were the same to her in regard to dress, and, in-

deed, till lately, all days had, I fear, been the same to her in other respects. Old Malachi had never been seen inside a place of worship since he had taken to live under the cliff. But within the last two years Mally had submitted herself to the teaching of the clergyman at Tintagel, and had appeared at church on Sundays, if not absolutely with punctuality, at any rate, so often that no one who knew the peculiarity of her residence was disposed to quarrel with her on that subject. But she made no difference in her dress on these occasions. She took her place on a low stone seat just inside the church-door, clothed as usual in her thick red serge petticoat and loose brown serge jacket, such being the apparel which she had found to be best adapted for her hard and perilous work among the waters. She had pleaded to the clergyman when he attacked her on the subject of church attendance with vigor that she had got no church-going clothes. He had explained to her that she would be received there without distinction to her clothing. Mally had taken him at his word, and had gone, with a courage which certainly deserved admiration, though I doubt whether there was not mingled with it an obstinacy which was less admirable.

For people said that old Glos was rich, and that Mally might have proper clothes if she chose to buy them. Mr. Polwarth, the clergyman, who, as the old man could not come to him, went down the rocks to the old man, did make some hint on the matter, in Mally's absence. But old Glos, who had been patient with him on other matters, turned upon him so angrily when he made an allusion to money, that Mr. Polwarth found himself obliged to give that matter up, and Mally continued to sit upon the stone bench in her short serge petticoat, with her long hair streaming down her face. She did so far sacrifice to decency as on such occasions to tie up her back hair with an old shoestring. So tied it would remain through the Monday and Tuesday, but by Wednesday afternoon Mally's hair had generally managed to escape.

As to Mally's indefatigable industry there could be no manner of doubt, for the quantity of sea-weed which she and the donkey amassed between them was very surprising. Old Glos, it was declared, had never collected half what Mally gathered together; but

then the article was becoming cheaper, and it was necessary that the exertion should be greater. So Mally and the donkey toiled and toiled, and the sea-weed came up in heaps which surprised those who looked at her little hands and light form. Was there not some one who helped her at nights,—some fairy, or demon, or the like? Mally was so snappish in her answers to people that she had no right to be surprised if ill-natured things were said of her.

No one ever heard Mally Trenglos complain of her work, but about this time she was heard to make great and loud complaint of the treatment she received from some of her neighbors. It was known that she went with her complaints to Mr. Polwarth; and when he could not help her, or did not give her such instant help as she needed, she went—ah, so foolishly!—to the office of a certain attorney at Camelford, who was not likely to prove himself a better friend than Mr. Polwarth.

Now the nature of her injury was as follows: The place in which she collected her sea-weed was a little cove,—the people had come to call it Malachi's Cove from the name of the old man who lived there,—which was so formed that the margin of the sea therein could only be reached by the passage from the top down to Trenglos's hut. The breadth of the cove when the sea was out might perhaps be two hundred yards, and on each side the rocks ran out in such a way that, both from north and south, the domain of Trenglos was guarded from intruders. And this locality had been well chosen for its intended purpose. There was a rush of the sea into the cove which carried there large, drifting masses of seaweed, leaving them among the rocks when the tide was out. During the equinoctial winds of the spring and autumn the supply would never fail; and even when the sea was calm, the long, soft, salt-bedewed, trailing masses of the weed could be gathered there when they could not be found elsewhere for miles along the coast. The task of getting the weed from the breakers was often difficult and dangerous,—so difficult that much of it was left to be carried away by the next incoming tide. Mally doubtless did not gather half the crop that was there at her feet. What was taken by the returning waves she did not regret; but when interlopers came upon her cove,

and gathered her wealth—her grandfather's wealth—beneath her eyes, then her heart was broken. It was this interloping, this intrusion, that drove poor Mally to the Camelford attorney. But, alas, though the Camelford attorney took Mally's money, he could do nothing for her, and her heart was broken!

She had an idea, in which no doubt her father shared, that the path to the cove was, at any rate, their property. When she was told that the cove, and sea running into the cove, were not the freeholds of her father, she understood that the statement might be true. But what, then, as to the use of the path? Who had made the path what it was? Had she not painfully, wearily, with exceeding toil, carried up bits of rock with her own little hands, that her grandfather's donkey might have footing for his feet? Had she not scraped together crumbs of earth along the face of the cliff, that she might make easier to the animal the track of that rugged way? And now, when she saw big farmers' lads coming down with other donkeys,—and, indeed, there was one who came with a pony,—no boy, but a young man, old enough to know better than rob a poor old man and a young girl,—she reviled the whole human race, and swore that the Camelford attorney was a fool.

Any attempt to explain to her that there was still weed enough for her was worse than useless. Was it not all hers and his, or, at any rate, was not the sole way to it his and hers? And was not her trade stopped and impeded? Had she not been forced to back her laden donkey down,—twenty yards, she said, but it had, in truth, been five,—because Farmer Gunliffe's son had been in the way with his thieving pony? Farmer Gunliffe had wanted to buy her weed at his own price; and because she had refused, he had set on his thieving son to destroy her in this wicked way. "I'll ham-string the beast the next time as he's down here!" said Mally to old Glos, while the angry fire literally streamed from her eyes. Farmer Gunliffe's small homestead—he held about fifty acres of land—was close by the village of Tintagel, and not a mile from the cliff. The seawrack, as they call it, was pretty well the only manure within his reach, and no doubt he thought it hard that he should be kept from using it by Mally Trenglos and her ob-

stinacy. "There's heaps of other coves, Barty," said Mally to Barty Gunliffe, the farmer's son. "But none so nigh, Mally, nor yet none that fills 'emselves as this place." Then he explained to her that he would not take the weed that came up close to hand. He was bigger than she was, and stronger, and would get it from the outer rocks, with which she never meddled. Then, with scorn in her eye, she swore that she could get it where he durst not venture, and repeated her threat of hamstringing the pony. Barty laughed at her wrath, jeered her because of her wild hair, and called her a mermaid. "I'll mermaid you!" she cried. "Mermaid, indeed! I wouldn't be a man to come and rob a poor girl and an old cripple. But you're no man, Barty Gunliffe! You're not half a man."

Nevertheless, Bartholomew Gunliffe was a very fine young fellow as far as the eye went. He was about five feet eight inches high, with strong arms and legs, with light curly brown hair, and blue eyes. His father was but in a small way as a farmer, but, nevertheless, Barty Gunliffe was well thought of among the girls around. Everybody liked Barty,—excepting only Mally Trenglos, and she hated him like poison.

Barty, when he was asked why so good-natured a lad as he persecuted a poor girl and an old man, threw himself upon the justice of the thing. It wouldn't do at all, according to his view, that any single person should take upon himself to own that which God Almighty sent as the common property of all. He would do Mally no harm, and so he had told her. But Mally was a vixen, a wicked little vixen; and she must be taught to have a civil tongue in her head. When once Mally would speak him civil as he went for weed, he would get his father to pay the old man some sort of toll for the use of the path. "Speak him civil?" said Mally. "Never; not while I have a tongue in my mouth!" And I fear old Glos encouraged her rather than otherwise in her view of the matter.

But her grandfather did not encourage her to hamstringing the pony. Hamstringing a pony would be a serious thing, and old Glos thought it might be very awkward for both of them if Mally were put into prison. He suggested, therefore, that all manner of impediments should be put in the way of the

pony's feet, surmising that the well-trained donkey might be able to work in spite of them. And Barty Gunliffe, on his next descent, did find the passage very awkward when he came near to Malachi's hut, but he made his way down, and poor Mally saw the lumps of rock at which she had labored so hard pushed on one side or rolled out of the way with a steady persistency of injury towards herself that almost drove her frantic.

"Well, Barty, you're a nice boy," said old Glos, sitting in the doorway of the hut, as he watched the intruder.

"I aint a-doing no harm to none as doesn't harm me," said Barty. "These a's free to all, Malachi."

"And the sky's free to all, but I mustn't get up on the top of your big barn to look at it," said Mally, who was standing among the rocks with a long hook in her hand. The long hook was the tool with which she worked in dragging the weed from the waves. "But you aint got no justice, nor yet no sperrit, or you wouldn't come here to vex an old man like he."

"I didn't want to vex him, nor yet to vex you, Mally. You let me be for a while, and we'll be friends yet."

"Friends!" exclaimed Mally. "Who'd have the likes of you for a friend? What are you moving them stones for? Them stones belongs to grandfather." And in her wrath she made a movement as though she were going to fly at him.

"Let him be, Mally," said the old man; "let him be. He'll get his punishment. He'll come to be drowned some day if he comes down here when the wind is in shore."

"That he may be drowned then!" said Mally, in her anger. "If he was in the big hole there among the rocks, and the sea running in at half-tide, I wouldn't lift a hand to help him out."

"Yes, you would, Mally; you'd fish me up with your hook like a big stick of seaweed."

She turned from him with scorn as he said this, and went into the hut. It was time for her to get ready for her work, and one of the great injuries done her lay in this,—that such a one as Barty Gunliffe should come and look at her during her toil among the breakers.

It was an afternoon in April, and the hour was something after four o'clock. There had

been a heavy wind from the north-west all the morning, with gusts of rain, and the sea-gulls had been in and out of the cove all the day, which was a sure sign to Mally that the incoming tide would cover the rocks with weed. The quick waves were now returning with wonderful celerity over the low reefs, and the time had come at which the treasure must be seized, if it were to be garnered on that day. By seven o'clock it would be growing dark, at nine it would be high water, and before daylight the crop would be carried out again if not collected. All this Mally understood very well, and some of this Barty was beginning to understand also. As Mally came down with her bare feet, bearing her long hook in her hand, she saw Barty's pony standing patiently on the sand, and in her heart she longed to attack the brute. Barty at this moment, with a common three-pronged fork in his hand, was standing down on a large rock, gazing forth toward the waters. He had declared that he would gather the weed only at places which were inaccessible to Mally, and he was looking out that he might settle where he would begin. "Let 'um be, let 'um be," shouted the old man to Mally, as he saw her take a step toward the beast, which she hated almost as much as she hated the man. Hearing her grandfather's voice through the wind, she desisted from her purpose, if any purpose she had had, and went forth to her work. As she passed down the cove, and went in among the rocks, she saw Barty still standing on his perch; out beyond, the white-curling waves were cresting, and breaking themselves with violence, and the wind was howling among the caverns and abutments of the cliff. Every now and then there came a squall of rain, and though there was sufficient light, the heavens were black with clouds. A scene more beautiful might hardly be found by those who love the glories of the coast. The light for such objects was perfect. Nothing could exceed the grandeur of the colors,—the blue of the open sea, the white of the breaking waves, the yellow sands, or the streaks of red and brown which gave such richness to the cliff! But neither Mally or Barty were thinking of such things as these. Indeed, they were hardly thinking of their trade after its ordinary forms. Barty was meditating how he might best accomplish his purpose of working beyond the reach of Mally's feminine powers,

and Mally was resolving that wherever Barty went she would go further.

And, in many respects, Mally had the advantage. She knew every rock in the spot, and was sure of those which gave a good foothold, and sure also of those which did not. And then her activity had been made perfect by practice for the purpose to which it was to be devoted. Barty, no doubt, was stronger than she, and quite as active. But Barty could not jump among the waves from one stone to another as she could do, nor was he as yet able to get aid in his work from the very force of the water as she could get it. She had been hunting sea-weed in that cove since she had been an urchin of six years old, and she knew every hole and corner and every spot of vantage. The waves were her friends, and she could use them. She could measure their strength, and knew when and where it would cease. Mally was great down in the salt pools of her own cove,—great, and very fearless. As she watched Barty make his way forward from rock to rock, she told herself, gleefully, that he was going astray. The curl of the wind as it blew into the cove would not carry the weed up to the northern buttresses of the cove; and then there was the great hole just there,—the great hole of which she had spoken when she wished him evil.

And now she went to work, hooking up the dishevelled hairs of the ocean, and landing many a cargo on the extreme margin of the sand, from whence she would be able in the evening to drag it back before the invading waters would return to reclaim the spoil. And on his side, also, Barty made his heap up against the northern buttresses of which I have spoken. Barty's heap became big and still bigger, so that he knew, let the pony work as he might, he could not take it all up that evening. But still it was not as large as Mally's heap. Mally's hook was better than his fork, and Mally's skill was better than his strength. And when he forked in some haul, Mally would jeer him with a wild, weird laughter, and shriek to him through the wind that he was not half a man. At first he answered her with laughing words, but before long, as she boasted of her success and pointed to his failure, he became angry, and then he answered her no more. He became angry with himself, in that he missed so much of the plunder before

him. The broken sea was full of the long straggling growth which the waves had torn up from the bottom of the ocean, but the masses were carried past him, away from him,—nay, once or twice over him; and then Mally's weird voice would sound in his ear jeering him. The gloom among the rocks was now becoming thicker and thicker, the tide was beating in with increased strength, and the gusts of wind came in with quicker and greater violence. But still he worked on. While Mally worked, he would work, and he would work for some time after she was driven in. He would not be beaten by a girl.

The great hole was now full of water, but of water which seemed to be boiling as though in a pot. And the pot was full of floating masses,—large treasures of sea-weed which were thrown to and fro upon its surface, but lying there so thick that one would seem almost able to rest upon it without sinking. Mally knew well how useless it was to attempt to rescue aught from the fury of that boiling caldron. The hole went in under the rocks, and the side of it toward the shore lay high, slippery, and steep. The hole, even at low water, was never empty; and Mally believed that there was no bottom to it. Fish thrown in there could escape out to the ocean, miles away,—so Mally in her softer moods would tell the visitors to the cove. She knew the hole well. Pouladioul she was accustomed to call it; which was supposed, when translated, to mean that this was the hole of the Evil One. Never did Mally attempt to make her own of weed which had found its way into that pot.

But Barty Gunliffe knew no better, and she watched him as he endeavored to steady himself on the treacherously slippery edge of the pool. He fixed himself there, and made a haul, with some small success. How he managed it she hardly knew, but she stood still for a while watching him anxiously, and then she saw him slip. He slipped and recovered himself, slipped again and again recovered himself. "Barty, you fool," she screamed, "if you get yourself pitched in there, you'll never come out no more," Whether she simply wished to frighten him, or whether her heart relented and she had thought of his danger with dismay, who shall say? She could not have told herself. She hated him as much as ever,—but she could hardly have wished to see him drowned

before her eyes. "You go on, and don't mind me," said he, speaking in a hoarse, angry tone. "Mind you!—who minds you?" retorted the girl. And then she again prepared herself for her work.

But as she went down over the rocks with her long hook balanced in her hands, she suddenly heard a splash, and turning quickly round, saw the body of her enemy tumbling amidst the eddying waves in the pool. The tide had now come up so far that every succeeding wave washed into it and over it, from the side nearest to the sea, and then ran down again back from the rocks, as the rolling wave receded, with a noise like the fall of a cataract. And then, when the surplus water had retreated for a moment, the surface of the pool would be partly calm, though the fretting bubbles would still boil up and down, and there was ever a simmer on the surface, as though, in truth, the caldron were heated. But this time of comparative rest was but a moment, for the succeeding breaker would come up almost as soon as the foam of the preceding one had gone, and then again the waters would be dashed upon the rocks, and the sides would echo with the roar of the angry wave.

Instantly Mally hurried across to the edge of the pool, crouching down upon her hands and knees for security as she did so. As a wave receded, Barty's head and face was carried round near to her, and she could see that his forehead was covered with blood. Whether he were alive or dead, she did not know. She had seen nothing but his blood, and the light colored hair of his head lying amidst the foam. Then his body was drawn along by the suction of the retreating wave; but the mass of water that escaped was not on this occasion large enough to carry the man out with it. Instantly Mally was at work with her hook, and getting it fixed into his coat, dragged him towards the spot on which she was kneeling. During the half minute of repose she got him so close that she could touch his shoulder. Straining herself down, laying herself over the long bending handle of the hook, she strove to grasp him with her right hand. But she could not do it;—she could only touch him. Then came the next breaker, forcing itself on with a roar, looking to Mally as though it must certainly knock her from her resting-place, and destroy them both. But she had nothing for it but

to kneel, and hold by her hook. What prayer passed through her mind at that moment for herself or for him, or for that old man who was sitting unconsciously up at the cabin, who can say? The great wave came and rushed over her as she lay almost prostrate, and when the water was gone from her eyes, and the tumult of the foam and the violence of the roaring breaker had passed by her, she found herself at her length upon the rock, while his body had been lifted up, free from her hook, and was lying upon the slippery ledge, half in the water, and half out of it. As she looked at him—in that instant, she could see that his eyes were open and that he was struggling with his hands. "Hold by the hook, Barty," she cried, pushing the stick of it before him, while she seized the collar of his coat in her hands. Had he been her brother, her lover, her father, she could not have clung to him with more of the energy of despair. He did contrive to hold by the stick which she had given him, and when the succeeding wave had passed by, he was still on the ledge. In the next moment she was seated a yard or two above the hole, in comparative safety, while Barty lay upon the rocks with his still bleeding head resting upon her lap.

What could she do now? She could not carry him; and in fifteen minutes the sea would be up where she was sitting. He was quite insensible and very pale,—and the blood was coming slowly, very slowly, from the wound on his forehead. Ever so gently she put her hand upon his hair to move it back from his face; and then she bent over his mouth to see if he breathed, and as she looked at him, she knew that he was beautiful. What would she not give that he might live? Nothing now was so precious to her as his life,—as this life which she had so far rescued from the waters. But what could she do? Her grandfather could scarcely get himself down over the rocks, if, indeed, he could succeed in doing so much as that. Could she drag the wounded man backwards, if it were only a few feet, so that he might lie above the reach of the waves till further assistance could be procured? She set herself to work and she moved him, almost lifting him. As she did so, she wondered at her own strength, but she was very strong at that moment. Slowly, tenderly, falling on the rocks herself so that he might fall on

her, she got him back to the margin of the sand, to a spot which the waters would not reach for the next two hours!

Here her grandfather met them, having seen at last what had happened from the door. "Dada," she said, "he fell into the pool yonder, and was battered against the rocks. See there at his forehead."

"Mally, I'm thinking that he's dead already," said old Glos, peering down over the body.

"No, dada; he is not dead; but mayhap he's dying. But I'll go at once up to the farm."

"Mally," said the old man, "look at his head. They'll say we murdered him."

"Who'll say so? Who'll lie like that? Didn't I pull him out of the hole?"

"What matters that? His father'll say we killed him."

It was manifest to Mally that whatever any one might say hereafter, her present course was plain before her. She must run up the path to Gunliffe's farm and get necessary assistance. If the world were as bad as her grandfather said, it would be so bad that she would not care to live longer in it. But be that as it might, there was no doubt as to what she must do now. So away she went as fast as her naked feet could carry her up the cliff. When at the top, she looked round to see if any person might be within ken, but she saw no one. So she ran with all her speed along the headland of the cornfield which led in the direction of old Gunliffe's house, and as she drew near to the homestead she saw that Barty's mother was leaning on the gate. As she approached, she attempted to call, but her breath failed her for any purpose of loud speech, so she ran on till she was able to grasp Mrs. Gunliffe by the arm. "Where's himself?" she said, holding her hand upon her beating heart that she might husband her breath.

"Who is it you mean?" said Mrs. Gunliffe, who participated in the family feud against Trenglos and his granddaughter. "What does the girl clutch me for in that way?"

"He's dying then, that's all."

"Who is dying? Is it old Malachi. If the old man's bad, we'll send some one down."

"It aint dada, it's Barty; where's himself? where's the master?"

But by this time Mrs. Gunliffe was in an agony of despair, and was calling out for assistance lustily. Happily, Gunliffe, the father, was at hand, and with him a man from the neighboring village. "Will you not send for the doctor?" said Mally. "Oh, man, you should send for the doctor!" Whether any orders were given for the doctor, she did not know, but in a very few minutes she was hurrying across the field again towards the path to the cove, and Gunliffe with the other man and his wife were following her. As Mally went along, she recovered her voice, for their step was not as quick as hers, and that which to them was a hurried movement allowed her to get her breath again. And as she went, she tried to explain to the father what had happened, saying but little however of her own doings in the matter. The wife hung behind listening, exclaiming every now and again that her boy was killed, and then asking wild questions as to his being yet alive. The father, as he went, said little. He was known as a silent, sober man, well spoken of for diligence and general conduct, but supposed to be stern and very hard when angered. As they drew near to the top of the path, the other man whispered something to him, and then he turned round upon Mally and stopped her. "If he has come by his death between you, your blood shall be taken for his," said he. Then the wife shrieked out that her child had been murdered, and Mally looking round into the faces of the three, saw that her grandfather's words had come true. They suspected her of having taken the life, in saving which she had nearly lost her own!

She looked round at them with awe in her face, and then, without saying a word, preceded them down the path. What had she to answer when such a charge as that was made against her? If they chose to say that she pushed him into the pool, and hit him with her hook as he lay amidst the waters, how could she show that it was not so? Poor Mally knew little of the law of evidence, and it seemed to her that she was in their hands. But as she went down the steep track with a hurried step,—a step so quick that they could not keep up with her,—her heart was very full, very full and very high. She had striven for the man's life as though he had been her brother. The blood was yet not dry on her own legs and arms, where she

had torn them in his service. At one moment she had felt sure that she would die with him in that pool. And now they said that she had murdered him! It may be that he was not dead, and what would he say if ever he should speak again? Then she thought of that moment when his eyes had opened, and he had seemed to see her. She had no fear for herself, for her heart was very high. But it was full also,—full of scorn, disdain, and wrath. When she had reached the bottom, she stood close to the door of the hut waiting for them, so that they might precede her to the other group, which was there in front of them, at a little distance, on the sand. "He is there, and dada is with him. Go and look at him," said Mally. The father and mother ran on, stumbling over the stones, but Mally remained behind by the door of the hut.

Barty Gunliffe was lying on the sand where Mally had left him, and old Malachi Trenglos was standing over him, resting himself with difficulty upon a stick. "Not a move he's moved since she left him," said he; "not a move. I put his head on the old rug as you see, and I tried 'un with a drop of gin, but he wouldn't take it;—he wouldn't take it."

"Oh, my boy!—my boy!" said the mother, throwing herself beside her son upon the sand.

"Haud your tongue, woman," said the father, kneeling down slowly by the lad's head; "whimpering that way will do 'un no good." Then having gazed for a minute or two upon the pale face beneath him, he looked up sternly into that of Malachi Trenglos. The old man hardly knew how to bear this terrible inquisition. "He would come," said Malachi; "he brought it all upon hisself."

"Who was it struck him?" said the father.

"Sure he struck hisself, as he fell among the breakers."

"Liar!" said the father, looking up at the old man.

"They have murdered him! they have murdered him!" shrieked the mother.

"Haud your peace, woman!" said the husband again. "They shall give us blood for blood!"

Mally, leaning against the corner of the hovel, heard it all, but did not stir. They

might say what they liked. They might make it out to be murder. They might drag her and her grandfather to Camelford jail, and then to Bodmin, and the gallows; but they could not take from her the conscious feeling that was her own. She had done her best to save him,—her very best. She remembered her threat to him before they had gone down on the rocks together, and her evil wish. Those words had been very wicked; but since that she had risked her life to save his. They might say what they pleased of her, and do what they pleased. She knew what she knew.

Then the father raised his son's head and shoulders in his arms, and called on the others to assist him in carrying Barty towards the path. They raised him between them carefully and tenderly, and lifted their burden on towards the spot at which Mally was standing. She never moved, but watched them at their work: and the old man followed them, hobbling after them with his crutch. When they had reached the end of the hut, she looked upon Barty's face, and saw that it was very pale. There was no longer blood upon the forehead, but the great gash was to be seen there very plainly, with its jagged cut, and the skin livid and blue round the orifice. His light brown hair was hanging back, as she had made it to hang when she had gathered it with her hand after the big wave had passed over them. Ah, how beautiful he was in Mally's eyes with that pale face, and the sad scar upon his brow! She turned her face away, that they might not see her tears; but she did not move, nor did she speak.

But now, when they had passed the end of the hut, shuffling along with their burden, she heard a sound which stirred her. She roused herself quickly from her leaning posture, and stretched forth her head, as though to listen; then she moved to follow them. Yes, they had stopped at the bottom of the path, and had again laid the body on the rocks, she heard that sound again, as of a long, long sigh, and then, regardless of any of them, she ran to the wounded man's head. "He is not dead," she said. "There,—he is not dead."

As she spoke, Barty's eyes opened, and he looked about him. "Barty, my boy, speak to me," said the mother. Barty turned his face upon his mother, smiled, and then stared about him wildly

"How is it with thee, lad?" said his father. Then Barty turned his face again to the latter voice, and as he did so his eyes fell upon Mally. "Mally!" he said, "Mally!" It could have wanted nothing further to any of those present to teach them that, according to Barty's own view of the case, Mally had not been his enemy; and, in truth, Mally herself wanted no further triumph. That word had vindicated her, and she withdrew back to the hut. "Dada," she said, "Barty is not dead, and I'm thinking they wont say anything more about our hurting him." Old Glos shook his head. He was glad the lad hadn't met his death there; he didn't want the young man's blood, but he knew what folk would say. The poorer he was the more sure the world would be to trample on him. Mally said what she could to comfort him, being full of comfort herself. She would have crept up to the farm if she dared, to ask how Barty was. But her courage failed her when she thought of that, so she went to work again, dragging back the weed she had saved to the spot at which, on the morrow, she would load the donkey. As she did this, she saw Barty's pony still standing patiently under the rock, so she got a look of fodder and threw it down before the beast.

It had become dark down in the cove, but she was still dragging back the sea-weed, when she saw the glimmer of a lantern coming down the pathway. It was a most unusual sight, for lanterns were not common down in Malachi's Cove. Down came the lantern rather slowly,—much more slowly than she was in the habit of descending, and then through the gloom she saw the figure of a man standing at the bottom of the path. She went up to him and saw that it was Gunliffe, the father.

"Is that Mally?" said Gunliffe.

"Yes, it is Mally; and how is Barty, Mr. Gunliffe?"

"You must come to 'un yourself,—now at once," said the farmer. "He wont sleep a wink till he's seed you. You must not say but you'll come."

"Sure I'll come if I'm wanted," said Mally.

Gunliffe waited a moment, thinking that Mally might have to prepare herself, but Mally needed no preparation. She was dripping with salt water from the weed which she had been dragging, and her elfin locks

were streaming wildly from her head; but, such as she was, she was ready. "Dada's in bed," she said, "and I can go now if you please." Then Gunliffe turned round and followed her up the path, wondering at the life which this girl led, so far away from all her sex. It was now dark night, and he had found her working at the very edge of the rolling waves, by herself, in the darkness, while the only human being who might seem to be her protector had already gone to his bed.

When they were at the top of the cliff, Gunliffe took her by her hand, and led her along. She did not understand this, but she made no attempt to take her hand from his. Something he said about falling on the cliffs, but it was muttered so lowly that Mally hardly understood him. But in truth the man knew that she had saved his boy's life, and that he had injured her instead of thanking her. He was now taking her to his heart, and as words were wanting to him, he was showing his love after this silent fashion. He held her by the hand as though she were a child, and Mally tripped along at his side, asking him no questions.

When they were at the farmyard gate, he stopped there for a moment. "Mally, my girl," he said, "he'll not be content till he sees thee, but thou must not stay long wi' him, lass. Doctor says he's weak like, and wants sleep badly." Mally merely nodded her head, and then they entered the house. Mally had never been within it before, and looked about with wondering eyes at the furniture of the big kitchen. Did any idea of her future destiny flash upon her then, I wonder? But she did not pause here a moment, but was led up to the bedroom above stairs, where Barty was lying on his mother's bed. "Is it Mally herself?" said the voice of the weak youth. "It's Mally herself," said the mother; "so now you can say what you please."

"Mally," said he, "Mally, it's along you that I'm alive this moment."

"I'll not forget it on her," said the father, with his eyes turned away from her. "I'll never forget it on her."

"We hadn't a one but only him," said the mother, with her apron up to her face.

"Mally, you'll be friends with me now?" said Barty. To have been made lady of the manor of the cove forever, Mally couldn't

have spoken a word now. It was not only that the words and presence of the people there cowed her and made her speechless, but the big bed and the looking-glass and the unheard-of wonders of the chamber make her feel her own insignificance. But she crept up to Barty's side, and put her hand upon his.

"I'll come and get the weed, Mally; but it shall all be for you," said Barty.

"Indeed, you won't then, Barty dear," said the mother; "you'll never go near the awful place again. What would we do if you were took from us?"

"He mustn't go near the hole if he does," said Mally, speaking at last in a solemn voice, and imparting the knowledge which she had kept to herself while Barty was her enemy; "specially not if the wind's any way from the nor'rard."

"She'd better go down now," said the father. Barty kissed the hand which he held, and Mally, looking at him as he did so, thought that he was like an angel. "You'll come and see us to-morrow, Mally?" said he. To this she made no answer, but followed Mrs. Gunliffe out of the room. When they were down in the kitchen, the mother had tea for her, and thick milk, and a hot cake,—all the delicacies which the farm could afford. I don't know that Mally cared much for the eating and drinking that night, but she began to think that the Gunliffes were good people,—very good people. It was better thus, at any rate, than being accused of murder, and carried off to Camelford prison. "I'll never forget it on her—never," the father had said. Those words stuck to her from that moment, and seemed to sound in her ears all the night. How glad she was that Barty had come down to the cove;—oh, yes, how glad! There was no question of his dying now, and as for the blow on his forehead, what harm was that to a lad like him? "But father shall go with you," said Mrs. Gunliffe, when Mally prepared to start for the cove by herself. Mally, however, would not hear of this. She could find her way to the cove whether it was light or dark. "Mally, thou art my child now, and I shall think of thee so," said the mother, as the girl went off by herself. Mally thought of this, too, as she walked home. How could she become Mrs. Gunliffe's child;—ah, how?

I need not, I think, tell the tale any further. That Mally did become Mrs. Gunliffe's child, and how she became so, the reader will

understand; and in process of time the big kitchen and all the wonders of the farmhouse were her own. The people said that Barty Gunliffe had married a mermaid out of the sea; but when it was said in Mally's hearing, I doubt whether she liked it; and when Barty himself would call her a mermaid, she would frown at him, and throw about her black hair, and pretend to cuff him with her little hand.

Old Glos was brought up to the top of the cliff, and lived his few remaining days under the roof of Mr. Gunliffe's house; and as for the cove, and the right of sea-weed, from that time forth all that has been supposed to attach itself to Gunliffe's farm, and I do not know that any of the neighbors are prepared to dispute the right.

ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

From The Spectator.

THE CALCUTTA CYCLONE.

THE English language does not contain a native word to express the more violent forms of wind. We have borrowed a great many since we became the great merchants of the East; but hurricane and tornado are Spanish, typhoon, we believe, Chinese, though dictionaries derive it from the Greek, simoom Arabic, and cyclone pure Greek, with a conventional meaning imposed upon it by science. Gale means anything, according to the speaker's idea of the proper power of wind; blast and squall imply limited duration, and whirlwind is restricted to the lesser forms of circular hurricane, the waterspouts of air. Storm is the only native word of any force, and an Englishman's idea of a storm does not tempt him to sympathize greatly with the sufferers from its violence. Accustomed only to the winds of the north, which bring catarrh and consumption, but leave wooden houses standing for years, which seldom last many hours, and are never destructive except at sea, his power of imagining wind is limited, and he reads a story like that of the catastrophe at Calcutta with a feeling of pity in which there is just a trace of something like contempt. People out there must be very weak or arrangements very bad for a mere wind to work all that destruction, throw Lloyds into a panic, and impede the *systole* diastole of Her Majesty's foreign mails. We question whether, even after reading Lloyds' report, and the much more graphic narrative which appeared in the *Telegraph*, the average reader quite understands that an Indian cyclone is to Indians a catastrophe like an earthquake, an irresistible outburst of the destructive forces of nature before which

man and man's works are as powerless as before the breath of the Almighty, which can be encountered only by submission, or that resignation which while it lasts is so undistinguishable from paralysis. It has been the lot of the writer to live through two cyclones, only less violent than that of the 5th of October, and one considerable earthquake, and on the whole he considers the earthquake the friendlier manifestation of the two. It brings your house about your ears, and suggests that the protection of Heaven is suspended, but it gets itself done with, and the cyclone does not.

That, we take it, is the secret of the horror with which all men who have lived in Asia regard a genuine cyclone. The popular theory that such a storm occurs about once in ten years is, we believe, a mistake founded on imperfect knowledge. It occurs every year just after the tropical rains, but fortunately for civilization its force is not spent twice on the same spot, except after intervals of years, sometimes of quarter-centuries. The park planted by Marquis Wellesley, for example, sixteen miles from Calcutta, though now destroyed, has survived the cyclones of seventy years, apparently though not really unharmed. It is only when the destruction affects Europeans that in Asia details are known, and a storm which destroys everything between the Mauritius and Africa, or submerges a vast rice district, may remain in Europe unreported. Once, however, in every ten years some city like Calcutta, which, though tropical in every attribute and circumstance, is still not in the tropics, is included within the sweep of the broad band of wind which rushes, twisting itself in a spiral with twists a thousand miles long, from the northeast to the southwest, meeting, fortunately, nothing in its course from Bengal, till, seven thousand miles away, it brushes the white cloth off Table Mountain. Once in about a generation the same place finds itself near the centre of the current, and civilization realizes for an instant how utterly feeble it is when nature chooses that barbarism shall reign. In Bengal there is always a slight but significant warning of such an occurrence being at hand. Nature suddenly sinks to rest, the atmosphere glows with heat, every settlement seems surrounded with a wall of rose-colored haze, the birds stop chirping, and the hum of insects, which over all Asiatic deltas is as permanent a sound as the low roar of London is in Cheapside, suddenly arrests itself, leaving on the ear a sort of pain of silence. A little white cloud comes up marching as if self-driven in the very teeth of the breeze, a wall of dust is visible hundreds of feet high and as even to the eye as a canvas sail, and then the

unlucky watchers know that probably for twelve hours life and property are in the hands of God alone. Man and animals simply crouch, conscious for once that even courage has become worthless. Even in the plains, in stations where there is no water, such a wind is bad enough. The trees, as it rises higher and higher, bend and twist and groan till the roots yield to the tremendous strain, and they are not broken but flung out of their sockets as if the blast were wrought with their resistance, every roof with a pitch to it goes whirling through the air, the wooden shutters are blown in with reports like pistol shots, and exposed to the full fury of the tempest, the Europeans wait, half maddened with the roar of the typhoon, to see if masonry can hold out. There are few situations on earth, not even waiting for the certainty of murder of which government has forewarned you, equal to the strain such a wind produces on the mind. It is not the "storm," the continuous volleys of bolts, rapid as the firing during an engagement which usually accompany a cyclone, and strike, or seem to strike, within a few feet of every house; it is the *wind*, the never-ceasing rushing blast, strong as an avalanche, and, so to speak, studded every ten minutes with gusts which strike the walls like solid substances, which so wears out the nerves. Europeans feel as if they were battling with spirits, as if the slightest loss of their own hold over themselves, the slightest intermission in the strain of mental resistance,—mental, for there is little to do,—would destroy them. Many actually lose their tempers, clench teeth and fists as if they were being exposed to human violence, and indeed there is a sort of living malignity in the blast. They are swimming against a flood, and as it recedes they remain as prostrate as if the wave had been a reality, utterly worn out, hardly able to use the little judgment fatigue has left. The natives give way first. "In the office," writes a friend to ourselves, "the natives were weeping like babies, sitting and rocking to their own sobs, a Portuguese alone standing fairly up to the storm," and though the European neither sits nor sobs, his mind gets gradually unbinged.

If the settlement stands, as most Indian settlements do, by the river, the horror of the wind is aggravated by a more dangerous though less irritating plague of waters. The cyclone comes when the river is full,—the Hooghly, for example, was brimming, the water swollen by the late rains rushing down yellow with mud at a speed of eight miles an hour, and in a volume of millions of tons per minute. As the wind struck the village of Serampore, for instance, on its road to Calcutta, the river began to foam, to rise, to

billow, till in an hour it was striking with huge waves upon the strand, usually ten feet above it. Nothing can stand the double action. The wind tears at everything higher than a blade of grass, the water strikes blows like the impact of a locomotive at speed below the bank, and in an hour the road, solidified by the labor of years till it is one mass of brick and concrete, is swept away to the sea, and the waves break solidly into a library twelve feet from the ground and a measured sixty-five from high-water mark. The great cedars which surround the *Friend of India* premises, eighty feet high and seventy years old, are whirled round and uprooted, with every fibre twisted, and the blast with one and the same impact levels the giant trees of Lord Wellesley's Park, the only scene in India absolutely English. The native houses are of course all down. In the instance we are speaking of eleven thousand persons were rootless in half an hour, their houses, roofs, joists, beams, and doors blowing about like straws, while that eternal maddening wind, which seems almost a personal foe, keeps sweeping on as if the destruction of a town were but an incident for which it could not wait. A few minutes later it struck Calcutta, sixteen miles away, and then the losses ceased to be individual. The great city itself consists, looking from the north, as the wind did, of a vast assemblage of huts, some one hundred and fifty thousand of them, wholly unsheltered, the nearest undulation being eighty miles away, fringed to the southwest with green-windowed, colonnaded houses. Away went the huts of the natives and the veranda roofs of the Europeans, and portions of the roof of the cathedral, weighing scores of tons, followed, flying visibly, like condors with wings outspread, for yards over the plain. This building was designed with ecclesiastical disregard for all proprieties of *locale* to be purely Gothic, and is bastard Gothic; it has in consequence a pitched roof, and of course in the first grand cyclone the structure showed how completely it felt itself out of place. In the river the ships were lying five tiers deep for a space of nearly three miles, every interstice being filled with native craft till the water is not visible, and down on the crowd came the blast above and the Hooghly below, a volume of yellow water a mile broad, fifty feet deep, racing at the speed of a fast horse, and accumulated just above the port by a sand-bank which acts like the dam of some enormous mill-stream. Half the ships were without moorings, but against the Hooghly when once up chain cables matter little. The whole mass began to drift; the native boats dropped under like walnut-shells, their crews dying in hundreds

like water rats; the forest of masts, ropes, and in many instances, or we wrong Calcutta carelessness, furled sails, gave way like the forest on shore, and with every new heave of the river some great steamer was thrown upon the bank. Imagine a two-thousand-ton steamer loaded for departure, weighing perhaps five thousand tons, hurled from the river up Wellington Street to Somerset House, and our readers may form some idea of the force exerted against the shipping. They will not understand the scene if they do not add that the wind maddens them till they would scarcely look at the steamer as it passed. Yet even this was not the strangest illustration of the power of the wind. It seems incredible, but it is before us in two independent records, that the blast tore bamboos from their roots and carried them through the air, a feat to which the destruction of a cathedral is a trifle. A cannon-ball would hardly break a bamboo, and it presents to a wind a surface hardly larger than a thick rope and as flexible as a hair. Two hundred and ten vessels are reported wrecked, the Europeans with characteristic self-absorption not counting the native craft, which in the river and the canal would raise the number to thousands, and the loss of life is, we fear, not exaggerated in the French telegram. We know nothing as yet, be it remembered, of the destruction above the port, or the effect of the inundation which must have rushed over the scattered villages to the south, or the losses below Saugor, which must have been close to the centre of the gale. For hours the wind, which while it blows absorbs all thought, continued battering the city, and when it lightened, Calcutta looked as if it had just survived a bombardment. The destruction must be inconceivably great. There are some two millions of human beings living within five miles of Government House,—official estimates of Calcutta only include all within the "Marhatta ditch," which is about as much Calcutta as the city of London,—and every soul among them must have many rupees to pay apart altogether from the commercial loss. Fortunately natives bear such losses with the calm phlegm of fatalists, and the Europeans never lose for an instant the sense of being encamped. Both classes will meet the catastrophe with a serenity never felt in a country where the dread of poverty is on men's souls, and in a week the only traces of the storm will be the cathedral trying in vain to look uglier than it was, and the broad belt of clearing visible from the Ochterlony Monument,—the furrow marked in the forest as by the ploughshare of the Almighty."

From The Spectator, 10 Dec.
GENERAL LEE.

THERE appeared in the *Times* last week a letter signed "Transatlanticus," communicating to the public two letters of the Confederate General Robert Lee, which the writer to the *Times*, strangely enough, appeared to consider as testimony in favor of the original justice of the Southern cause. They are such interesting memorials, if genuine, they speak so much in honor of the brave general himself, and at the same time they throw so true and melancholy a light on the character of the service in which he is unhappily embarked, that they are well worth the attention of those whose minds are not closed by prejudice to comprehensive views of this subject. The first is a note to General Scott, dated April 20, 1861, resigning his commission in the United States army. It is couched in touching and soldier-like language; but it is not necessary to reproduce it here. The second, of the same date, is to a sister of his own:—

"MY DEAR SISTER,—I am grieved at my inability to see you. . . . I have been waiting for a more convenient season, which has brought to many before me deep and lasting regret. Now we are in a state of war, which will yield to nothing. The whole South is in a state of revolution, into which Virginia, after a long struggle, has been drawn; and *though I recognize no necessity for this state of things*, and would have forborne and pleaded to the end for redress of grievances, *real or supposed*, yet in my own person I had to meet the question whether I should take arms against my native State. With all my devotion to the Union, and the feeling of loyalty and duty of an American citizen, I have not been able to make up my mind to raise my hand against my relatives, my children, my home. I have therefore resigned my commission in the army, and, safe in defence of my native State, with the sincere hope that my poor services may never be needed, I hope I may never be called upon to draw the sword. *I know you will blame me*, but you must think as kindly of me as you can, and believe that I endeavored to do what I thought right. . . ."

All honor to the gallant writer! It is impossible to read such lines as these, coming from such a man, and not feel touched by the deepest sympathy for him in the struggle of feelings which they indicate. "We were Venetians before we were Christians," said

the statesman of the old republic, when some quarrel with the pope was impending. "I was a Virginian before I was an American" may be the inmost sentiment of the general's heart, and even if reason condemns it, there are responsive sentiments of our own which absolve him. But it remains, nevertheless, clear and unmistakable that he chose his part in no conviction that it was the right one, but the contrary. It is plain that he saw that the "grievances" of his party, "real or supposed," were not such as to require an appeal to the sword, and, if not required, it could not be justified; it is plain that he saw that the dissolution of that Union which he still continued to cherish would, if achieved, be the work of impatience and violence, not the result of oppression which renders resistance lawful. All the heavier must be the condemnation of those who for their own purposes or in their own passion, stirred up to madness the intemperate feelings of their Southern countrymen, and engaged them in a civil war for which they have never alleged any cause that would bear investigation, and which their own most distinguished leader pronounces unnecessary, and therefore unjustifiable.

LOYALTY ISLANDS.

How often does a sudden storm arise in the most unclouded sky. Every sign in the political atmosphere, every straw indicative of the probable course of events, prefigured the undisturbed continuance of the existing *entente cordiale* with the Imperial Government of France. Yet in a moment, from a remote corner, comes, after a most unexpected fashion, a dark squall which, if it does not quickly pass away, may be fraught with peril and disaster. The French have for some time colonized the island of "New Caledonia." This afforded them excellent opportunities of establishing commercial dealings with Australia, and with the multiplied islands of Polynesia. Not content with the undisturbed and exclusive occupation of this colony, they have taken possession, in the name of the French Emperor, of the "Loyalty Islands," situated at a distance of sixty miles. One of this group, Lifu, is the seat

of flourishing missions under the auspices of the London Society. A Mr. Macfarlane has established there native Christian schools, numbering two thousand children, and has erected a chapel and formed a congregation of fifteen hundred native converts. Utterly unmindful of his protests and remonstrances, and ignoring his labors, the commandant of the French vessel hoisted the tricolor flag, enjoined implicit obedience to his own commands, and arbitrarily forbade the use of any religious services except those performed by the French priests, whom he had brought in his train. The whole account of the proceedings as narrated by Mr. Macfarlane appears to be a precise counterpart of those practised some years ago on the London missionary Pritchard in the Island of Tahiti. What will be the results of this sudden and unexpected violation by a French officer of the laws and customs generally recognized in the intercourse of nations? These circumstances are sufficiently abnormal and sufficiently important in their political bearings to demand the consideration of the govern-

ment. How will they bear the test of their newly-proposed doctrine of non-intervention? Will they suffer with impunity these contemptuous encroachments on the rights and property of English subjects, or will they require from Napoleon III., as was demanded of Louis Philippe, redress, reparation, and apology? If the French Emperor, in the consciousness of his own power, or in reliance on the principles of non-interference advocated by the present cabinet, should defend the conduct of his admiral, will they tamely submit, or will they, in defiance of their own arguments, assert the right, power, and privilege of England, hitherto so proudly insisted on, to maintain inviolate in all lands the liberties and immunities of her subjects? It is to be hoped that the negotiations certain to arise out of these proceedings may be met in a friendly spirit and be speedily brought to a propitious termination; or the cloud, not larger at present than a man's hand, may be found sufficient to involve the whole political horizon in blackness and confusion.—*Press*, 10 Dec.

ST. SWITHIN.—The belief that if it rain on St. Swithin's day it will rain for forty days thereafter, is still very general in the rural districts, though not to the old extent. Perhaps many who may have heard the saying, may not know how it originated, or who the saint was. The information may be given in very few words. He was Bishop of Winchester, died in 862, and was buried in Winchester churchyard. At a latter period he was canonized, and it was resolved to dig up his remains and place them in a shrine in the cathedral; but when the day arrived for his removal, it began to rain so heavily that the men employed were unable to work, and it continued to rain in the same manner for forty days; hence if it rain on St. Swithin's Day it will rain for forty days afterwards, and if it be fine on that day it will continue fine for a like period. A similar belief is current in France, with respect to St. Medard and St. Gervais, and occasionally causes great discouragement among the cultivators of the soil.—“*All Moonshine*,” in *All the Year Round*.

POWDER WITHOUT BALL.—Dr. Goodall, of Eton, was proverbially fond of punning. About the

same time that he was made Provost of Eton, he received also a stall at Windsor. A young lady of his acquaintance, whilst congratulating him on his elevation, and requesting him to give the young ladies of Eton and Windsor a ball during the vacation, happened to touch his wig with her fan, and caused the powder to fly about; upon which the doctor exclaimed, “My dear, you see you can get the powder out of the *canon*, but not the *ball*.”

AGRICULTURAL DEFINITION OF “REST.”—A parish priest, addressing himself to a well-to-do farmer, a parishioner of his, said, “I’m glad to see you so regular at church; I’m sure that after your week’s labor, you must find it a place of happy rest.” “Well, sir, I really does,” replied the farmer, with much self-complacency; “I works hard all the week, and I then goes to church on a Sunday for *rest*, as your honor says, and I sits me down, and lays my feet on the cushions—shuts both my eyes—and I thinks o’nothing!”